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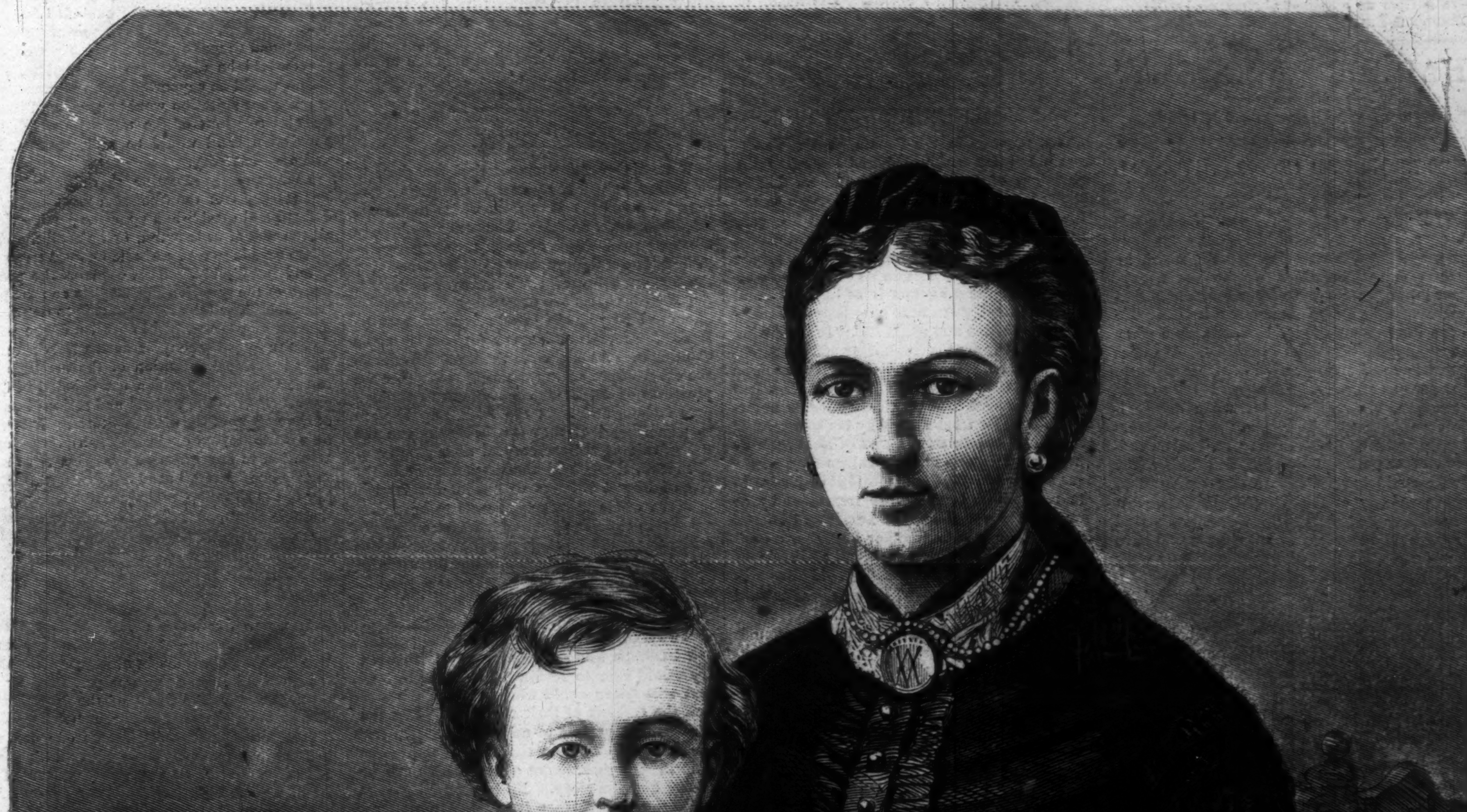


THE PRINCESS OF WALES WITH THE INFANT PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.—[See next Page.]

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER INFANT.

A YOUNG mother, holding a baby of two years, is one of the loveliest and holiest objects that can be seen on earth, whether she be a Princess and future Queen or the wife of a poor laboring man. In either case we must look upon this attitude of womanhood grouped with childhood as an embodiment of the most sacred affections and capabilities of human nature; and the ideal of maternity, which the mystic piety of the Middle Ages was inclined to worship, under the noblest artistic forms, as an accessory to divine revelation, still remains all but the highest conceivable type of moral harmony and grace. There is no woman who bears a child, in the humblest home as well as in the palaces of Royalty, who does not, while she cherishes the young life derived from her own, exhibit a living picture of this adorable ideal, more truthful and more impressive than any which RAPHAEL or MURILLO has drawn.

We are happy to be able to present our readers this week with an illustration representing ALEXANDRA, the Princess of Wales, with her first-born infant, the little Prince VICTOR, whose second birthday occurred January 8 of the present year. Prince VICTOR EDWARD is in the direct line of regal succession, and, if he lives long enough, will one day be the King of England. The picture which we give is from an excellent photograph by Messrs. WINDOW & BRIDGE, Regent Street, London.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1866.

THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

WE have a very high respect for the admirable services of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, and for the earnestness with which he holds opinions in which we do not always agree; but Mr. STEVENS lacks some important qualifications as a parliamentary leader. He is too fond of snap judgments at a time when the utmost deliberation is required. He does not understand the intention of the motion for the previous question. Its object is not to stifle discussion, but to save time when debate is clearly exhausted. Yet when the Reconstruction Committee reported a constitutional amendment of the utmost gravity, and before the House could have a chance of consideration, or the country of declaring itself, he threatened the call of the previous question. Had he persisted a very serious mischief would have been done. As it is, the House will be wary hereafter.

The amendment reported is substantially that of Mr. BLAINE. It proposes, in substance, to apportion representation to the whole number of the population, excepting those who may be disfranchised by reason of race or color. In effect, it is a bribe of increased political power offered to the late Slave States to induce them to give political equality to their colored population. It is one of the innumerable indirect methods suggested to reach a result which is now gradually seen to be virtually indispensable to the successful reorganization of the late rebel States; but which, we think, will at last be attained by simpler and directer means.

Mr. JENCKES, of Rhode Island, and Mr. ELIOT, of Massachusetts, have indicated very distinctly and forcibly the objections to the adoption of the amendment. It admits, by implication, that States may disfranchise because of race or color, and that is something of which Congress should not be guilty. Then it enables a State to exclude large masses of its population of all colors by a property qualification, thus establishing an oligarchy where Congress is bound to secure a republican form of government. By merely omitting the word "white" in their present laws defining the electoral qualification, many of the States could still enjoy their present superiority of representation. In South Carolina, for instance, more than half of the population is colored. But the colored population are not property-holders. Nothing is easier than for the State to retain its law of a property qualification, by which more than half of the population would be excluded from the polls while they would be counted in the basis of representation. Yet if the amendment which authorizes or protects such legislation should pass, Congress would have virtually decided that such an exclusion is republican. There is still another objection, which is this—that while the object of the amendment is to protect colored citizens by giving them the vote, the feeling of caste in the unorganized States is so strong that they would probably be willing to submit to the lessened representation as the price of obtaining the complete control of the freedmen—a result which is to be resisted to the last by every honorable American.

The amendment, as it stands, will probably not pass—at least, we sincerely hope it may not. We do not know, indeed, what further suggestions the Committee may propose which will modify and control this. But we presume that the debate will have shown to the Committee the feeling of the House and of the country, and induce them to consider a very simple and obvious solution of the difficulty—an amendment defining the qualifications of all adult male citizens of the United States in national elections. Should some educational test be required of future voters, it would still be impossible to trust the education of their colored population to the unorganized States. They would keep them disfranchised by ignorance. Now, ignorance is a very bad thing; but loyal ignorance is better than disloyal, and the Union would be much more secure if the one kind were allowed to neutralize the other. Besides, as Mr. BOUTWELL asked with emphasis, if an educational test were imposed and the decision of its adequate fulfillment were left to white judges in the late Slave States, how many colored men would they admit to have satisfied the conditions?

The airy gentlemen who think that half a nation can be alienated from the other half for forty years, and after appealing to a tremendous civil war, which rages for four years, tearing up the industrial and political system of half a continent by its roots, and after one party is vanquished in the field and still remains hostile at heart, can conjure a settlement and reunion in a few weeks or months by a free use of the word "conciliation," will have an opportunity of learning wisdom from events. The duties of no Congress could be graver then those of the present, and it has thus far shown a sagacity which we have no reason to fear will desert it.

SENATOR TRUMBULL'S BILL.

THE passage, in the Senate, of Mr. TRUMBULL'S bill for continuing and enlarging the operations of the Freedmen's Bureau will be followed, we trust, by its early passage in the House. The debate was ample, and it is only the truth to say that every argument urged against it was utterly refuted. The ability and the tone of the speeches in its favor were contrasted with those against it as humanity and justice and enlightenment are always contrasted with injustice and meanness. It was fitting that Mr. GARRETT DAVIS should make a wretched spectacle of himself, and offer a motion upon the final passage of the bill which the President of the Senate could not entertain; for the unfortunate Senator from Kentucky is distinguished only, with Senator SAULSBURY of Delaware, by bursts of impotent and ridiculous rage whenever any proposition is made toward justice to the race whose long unjust treatment by us brought the war upon our homes and hearts. It was fitting also, in another way, that a Senator from the Northwest, a friend of President LINCOLN'S and from his State, should have presented the bill which will do so much toward finishing his work.

Land and education are to be the grounds of security for the liberty of the whole Southern population. If they could only perceive it, every step taken for the elevation of the freedmen is an immense gain for the Southern States and for the country. Whatever develops their self-respect and stimulates them to industry and thrift brings us all nearer to permanent peace. Governor ORR, of South Carolina, complains of the Freedmen's Bureau as opposing and perplexing the President's policy, and of its confirming the tenure of the Sea Island district to the freedmen for three years as an injustice. He also laments that the prospect of a homestead makes the freedmen unwilling to conclude contracts.

Nothing is more probable. If Governor ORR were homeless, houseless, and landless; if he were in the midst of a community which despised and hated him; if he knew that his most sacred rights, his most precious relations, were at the mercy of those who were educated to regard him and treat him as an ox or a dog; if he knew that the power which had given him his freedom, and was strong enough to maintain it, intended to secure him against the consequences of the cruel hostility which surrounded him by giving him land and defending his rights upon it, we are inclined to believe that Governor ORR—unless he were the dull brute which the colored man is represented to be by the political and social friends of Governor ORR, but which his conduct disproves—would do exactly what the freedmen are doing: he would wait the action of his friends before confiding himself to his enemies.

Governor ORR and the opponents of the Freedmen's Bureau do not appear to understand that it is just as impossible for the white population of the South to deal justly by the freedmen as it was for the Catholics of three centuries ago to be just to the Protestants. How absolutely and entirely the white gentlemen at the South misunderstand the colored race and the conditions of progressive civilization let our long war show. Nobody would be so mad as to insist that if the colored race had been always fairly treated in the South there would have been any serious alienation ending so tragically. And in view of their ghastly failure in dealing with the question, modesty might prompt these gentlemen to be slow and distrustful in offering their advice to those who have become the guardians of the freed race.

It is true that it is a question of peculiar moment to the Southern States, because the freedmen are native in that section, and will inevitably remain there. But it is no less true that experience has proved the Southern white policy upon the subject to be intolerable to the peace of the country. That policy was based upon a spirit of caste which is inconsistent with our whole system; and every sign in the Southern legislatures and conventions and papers and speeches and correspondence and conversation, and indeed in every form by which opinion is expressed, shows that the same policy will be continued if the decision were left to the same old authority. There is a universal tendency in the interested section toward black codes, black laws, and an absolute class distinction. But since the method which is utterly abhorrent to the American principle has failed, why not try a policy founded upon that principle? Since injustice has plunged us into war, why not try justice as a means of keeping the peace? Since we have resolved that the late slaves are men, why not treat them as men?

It is the object of the Freedmen's Bureau to secure that treatment. The result can not be reached without vexatious delays and perplexities. There will be complaints, often well founded, of the officers and agents employed. There will be friction and disappointment of many kinds in the working of the system. But they will all be slowly and constantly working out toward justice and the equal rights of men, upon which foundation only can future prosperity and union be erected.

FENIANISM.

WHILE General SWEENY declares that, if supported, he will conquer a spot of British territory before next May from which to threaten the empire, and Mr. ROBERTS indulges in the dangerous delight of prophesying that within ninety days the green flag will be flying over the largest army of Irishmen ever collected, the British courts are sentencing Fenian prisoners to long years of penal servitude, and the Head Centre, STEPHENS, is a fugitive upon the Continent. At the same time, also, Irishmen are every where asking themselves whether the prospects of the Fenian movement to emancipate Ireland and erect the Irish Republic are so promising that they can hopefully run the risk of ruining themselves and their families.

Indeed, the late Fenian performance in the city of New York was so lamentably farcical that the whole movement seems to have died quietly in ridicule here, as it ends more tragically across the sea. It is a symptom both of the discontent of Irishmen and of the utter incapacity of the leaders who have sought to direct that discontent to practical political ends. Yet that discontent, it must be allowed, is greatly traditional and sentimental. Probably few Irishmen who are established in this country would care to return to their native land, and still fewer would wish to give their lives and the comfort of their families to place that land under the rule of no higher wisdom than has been displayed in the Fenian movement. The British government of Ireland is not a noble or humane story. No honorable Englishman can contemplate it without sorrow and shame. But bad as it may have been, ungenerous as it may be now, it is undoubtedly preferable to the government of such leaders as have appeared in the Fenian ranks.

And even were it not so, every sensible Irishman, and from such only will actual danger menace England, sees that the British Government is now fully aroused, and does not hesitate to take the most decisive measures, and that a revolution in Ireland would be for every British subject a question of the integrity and honor of the British empire. Indeed, this revolution is baffled before it fairly begins. And what kind of a revolution could that be which advertises itself vociferously three thousand miles away in a foreign country, and explodes in a ludicrous wrangle of would-be leaders? Meanwhile, however, we suppose that the collection of Fenian alms continues, and that many a hard working man and woman is giving the money which should buy comfort for their families to a cause which, however inspiring in itself to an Irishman, shows not the least chance of practical success.

There is truly no nobler sacrifice than that of life and of every effort for the salvation of an oppressed country. There is no more splendid spectacle in history than the revolution of our fathers in '76. But grand and ennobling as that struggle was, it would have been a criminal folly if they had obeyed a mere vague sentiment, and had not literally counted the cost and scrupulously weighed the chances of success.

IS THERE TOO MUCH OF ONE SUBJECT?

IF any body thinks that both in Congress and in general conversation an undue prominence is given to the subject of the colored population, he ought to remember that precisely that subject was the root of our late war, and it must therefore necessarily be the most prominent topic in all considerations of settlement. But, says some one, why not discuss questions of trade and methods of conciliation, because, after all, it must be by commercial intercourse and social ties that the alienated sections are to be knit together again?

The reason is obvious. Trade and commercial relations depend upon the stability of the industrial system; and the question of the industrial system at the South is that of the colored population. Spite of ourselves, therefore, spite of our weariness of the topic, spite of the monotony of the discussion, it must turn first upon the fundamental point. Until the industry of the Southern section begins again, there can be no resumption of commercial relations; and until there is some final settlement of the industrial system there will be no capital invested and no risks taken, and consequently the land will remain comparatively unproductive.

But still further, as in this country there is no serious impediment any where to the acquisition of political power by every man, an equal share of political power has come to be the security of the fruits of industry. The most ignorant of foreigners, after a short probation, may be naturalized and share political power equally with the most intelligent native. If, therefore, any considerable number of the population should be arbitrarily excluded from political equality, and under circumstances which threatened to make this exclusion permanent, they would be dissatisfied and restless, their claims would be supported by an immense party; a great agitation would ensue, and the industrial relations of the region in which that population lived would be radically disturbed and unsatisfactory.

In our present situation, therefore, the political relations of the freedmen must be clearly defined and established upon the justice which all the rest of us demand, or we shall find ourselves unable to take a single forward step safely and intelligibly. This explains the prominence of the question in Congress and the public mind. The important point is to determine in what way the political equality of the population in question may be most wisely secured: That is the real intention of the amendments to the Constitution which are debated in Congress. That is the natural and serious interest of the people of the United States. It is with no wish to devote exclusive or disproportioned attention to any question that this is so constantly considered, but only because this is the key of the situation, and when this is justly settled all other questions are less difficult.

THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD CASE.

LAME as Justice is said to be, she travels steadily and surely—at all events in some cases. It lacks but a few months of twelve years since the financial community was paralyzed by the news that the President of the New Haven Railroad Company had been flooding Wall Street with spurious certificates of stock, and had run away to hide his guilt and his shame in foreign lands. So vast was the extent of the fraud, and so high had stood the character of the criminal, that people at first refused to believe the news. SCHUYLER was not only a member of the church and a scion of our "hereditary nobility," he was a man personally well known in Wall Street, universally esteemed and respected, a king among railway men, a potentate among financiers. Yet this SCHUYLER, as it was soon proved, had issued fraudulent certificates of stock in the New York and New Haven Railway Company to an amount exceeding two millions of dollars, had foisted them on his friends and acquaintances the bankers, brokers, and money-lenders of Wall Street, and had run away leaving no trace behind.

After the first shock Wall Street turned its attention to the practical consequences of the development. There was $3,000,000 of genuine stock of the New Haven Road, and $2,000,000 or more of stock fraudulently issued by SCHUYLER. The stock had been active, and on the morning when the fraud came to light, there was hardly a banker or broker in New York who did not hold directly or indirectly some shares. How could the so-called spurious stock be distinguished from the genuine? The brokers studied the subject, and finding that all the certificates were alike, all duly signed and registered, and all to outward appearance equally valid, concluded that no distinction could be made between them, and that the Company—being bound for the acts of its officer—must be equally responsible for all. This was the sense of the New York Stock Exchange, and of the bankers and brokers throughout the country. They therefore summoned the New Haven Railroad Company to recognize all the certificates, whatever their origin, and to transfer them on their books.

The Company refused. Its counsel took the ground that though the Company was responsible for all acts of its officer performed within the scope of his official duties, it was not responsible for acts committed beyond that scope, much less for crimes committed by him. And some of the subordinate clerks of the Company undertook, by a process never clearly explained, to separate the so-called spurious stock from

the genuine, and to pronounce two-thirds of the floating certificates of New Haven stock absolute waste paper.

Naturally indignant at this proceeding, the brokers clubbed together and instituted legal proceedings against the Company to compel them to recognize the so-called spurious stock. More than half the leading lawyers of the city were retained on their behalf. The Company accepted the issue, retained able counsel on its side, and prepared for a long fight. The stock was struck from the list of the Stock Exchange, and has never since been bought or sold at the Board.

The suit began in the fall of 1854. It took many shapes, and came up in various ways. There is hardly a leading lawyer at the bar who has not been engaged in it at some time or other, either for or against the Company. As a rule the press and public sentiment were throughout in favor of the brokers. People generally took the common-sense view of the case, and decided that as a loss must fall upon somebody, it was more equitable that it should fall on the Company, which had erred in the choice of an officer, than upon innocent holders of stock who had been guilty of no negligence, and could not, by any possibility, have protected themselves against the event. But the Company stood unmoved. It had a long purse, an obstinate Board of Direction, and an ingenious party of lawyers. Year after year dragged on, and but little progress was made. Every technical difficulty was urged by the Company; every side-issue was elaborately discussed; every possible motion was made; every point of law raised; and thus, as we said, year after year passed; the law costs of the injured brokers were steadily on the increase, and they seemed to be no nearer judgment and redress. At last, some six years after the commencement of the suit, a judgment was obtained in one of the cases. It was substantially in favor of the Company.

This was so discouraging to the litigants that many of them, worn out by long waiting, loss of time, and heavy law costs, concluded to accept a compromise which was judiciously offered by the Company. On condition of withdrawing their suits and giving no further trouble, they received one share of real stock for every two shares of so-called spurious stock. Thus at least one half of the claims were adjusted at the cost of all the net earnings of the Company for several years.

But there was one man among the prosecutors of the Company who was not discouraged. This was CORNELIUS VANDERBILT. He had lent money to SCHUYLER on the so-called spurious stock. He had examined the stock before he lent his money, and had proved the certificates correct. He was not now willing to admit that they were otherwise. The adverse judgment did not dismay him. If the Company had patience, so had he. If they had a long purse, so had he. If they could fee able lawyers (one of the Company's counsel is said to have received no less than $100,000 for work in this single case), so could he. He rejected the proffered compromise with derision, and bade his lawyers appeal, and prosecute the appeal with vigor. Encouraged by his example, other victims of the fraud declined to accept the compromise, and appealed their cases likewise.

Then followed more tedious years of postponements, arguments on side issues, motions and countermotions, and all the legal manœuvres which are so profitable to lawyers and so heartsickening to needy seekers after justice. There is no doubt but the Company based its hopes in great part upon the probable death of Commodore VANDERBILT. If he died, there was every reason to believe they might succeed in wearing out the other suitors, and either inducing them to accept the proposed compromise or defeating them altogether. And he was an old man, over seventy, with heart-disease (so 'twas said), with a fondness for fast horses, and a habit of being dashed out of his wagon from time to time. The New Haven Directors each morning carefully examined the deaths under the letter V, and mutely prayed for the release of their relentless prosecutor.

Their prayers were not heard. The Commodore did not die. On the contrary, in spite of heart-disease, fast horses, and upsets, he seemed to grow most pertinacious at the very time other men's patience would weary; and at the very moment the Company expected a season of repose he was upon them more furiously than ever, with new motions and arguments and fresh reinforcements of lawyers. And so, at last, after over eleven years of waiting, he fought the suit to judgment in the Court of Appeals, and won it—obtaining a decision against the Company for the whole amount claimed, with eleven years' interest and costs.

There is something quite refreshing in the statement published by the Board of Directors in which, after reiterating their opinion that the judgment is unjust, they offer for sale $2,000,000 of new stock in order to meet the claims of the Commodore and his faithful adherents. No reliable statement has been published of the amount of money paid—directly or in the shape of stock—to the parties who accepted the compromise three or four years ago. But we judge that the Company would have saved not much less than a million dollars in one way and another had it pursued an honest course at the start, and acknowledged itself responsible for the frauds of its agent.

A healthy public sentiment has thanked Mr. A. T. STEWART for having promptly preferred a complaint against a newspaper which had seemed to charge him with improper conduct in private life. And a like tribute is due to Commodore VANDERBILT for having had the patience and constancy to pursue this railway Company through the mazes of a twelve years' lawsuit. It would be well if we had more such men. As for the Company, we trust we shall never again hear of a wealthy concern, officered by respectable men, trying to shift to innocent shoulders the burden of the crimes of its own officials.

ANOTHER SPANISH REVOLUTION.

WHILE Spain is apparently threatening Chili, she suddenly finds herself forced to look at home. General PRIM, the officer who withdrew from the Mexican invasion during our late war, and who thereby made his name pleasant in our ears, after passing privately through Europe for several months, and evidently proposing a movement, returned to Madrid, lived quietly in his own house under the eyes of Marshal O'DONNELL, his rival, and one day, when the Marshal sent some soldiers to arrest him, General PRIM's servants replied that he was not at home; that he had gone out shooting; grinned and bowed; and the next day PRIM appeared in arms at the head of part of the army.

Of course it is impossible to know much of the probable success of a Spanish revolution. Political chaos is permanent in that country, and the rest of the world can only wonderingly await the event of any movement. But the defection of any popular military chief is as alarming as it was in Rome. Every Spaniard is conscious that the throne stands upon volcanic soil. The royal family has not now the popular heart; and it may be said that a skillful leader of an insurrection has a fair chance of success. It may end in a compromise. The Queen may offer him a port-folio if he will sheathe his sword. But that merely makes the ground more volcanic than ever; and when some leader who declines the port-folio appears the Queen may lose her crown.

The official dispatches announced as soon as the rebellion began that it was all over. The royal troops held all the mountain passes. Three columns were bearing down upon the insurgents; and, dismayed and demoralized, PRIM and his adherents were straggling away toward Portugal. Official bulletins, however, express official desires rather than facts. Later accounts speak of the universal excitement and of the disturbed condition of Catalonia and Aragon. It is the old story, and certainly nothing can be more deplorable than the chronic political situation of Spain, for which she has to thank the Holy Alliance of forty years ago. But there is hope that every new revolution may develop the men who will truly help their wretched country.

EDUCATION OF THE FREEDMEN.

"THE Freedmen," said our martyr President, "are the Wards of the Nation." "Yes," replied Mr. STANTON, "Wards in Chancery." What is our duty to them as their guardians? Clearly, to clothe them if they are naked; to teach them if they are ignorant; to nurse them if they are sick; and to adopt them if they are homeless and motherless. They have been slaves, war made them freedmen, and peace must make them freemen. They must be shielded from unjust laws and unkindly prejudices; they must be instructed in the true principles of social order and democratic government; they must be prepared to take their place by-and-by in the great army of voters as lately they filled up the ranks in the great army of fighters. The superstitions, the vices, the unthriftiness, the loitering and indolent habits which slavery foisted on the whites and blacks alike, who were cursed by its presence in their midst, must be dispelled and supplanted by all the traits and virtues of a truly Christian civilization.

The North, that liberated the slave, has not been remiss in its duty to the freedman. The common school has kept step to the music of the advancing army. Willson's Readers have followed GRANT's soldiers every where. Many of the colored troops on the march had primers in their boxes and primers in their pockets. They were namesakes, but not of the same family. Charleston had not been captured more than a week before the schools for freedmen and poor whites were opened there. It is proposed now to educate all the negroes and poor whites in the South—as a political necessity; in order that henceforth there may be no other insurrections, the result of ignorance, either on the part of the late slave or the late slaveholder. Ignorance has cost us too much to be suffered to disturb us again. In free countries it is not the intelligent but the ignorant who rebel. Ambitious men could never induce an enlightened people to overthrow a free Government. It was because there were over 600,000 white adults in the slave States, and 4,000,000 of slaves who could neither read nor write, that DAVIS and TOOMBS and SLIDELL had power to raise armies against the nation. Let us prevent all social upheavals in the future by educating all men now.

The National Freedmen's Relief Association of New York—of which FRANCIS GEORGE SHAW is President and JOSEPH B. COLLINS Treasurer—has been the most active of the agencies in relieving the wants and dispelling the ignorance of the freedman. It has expended during the last four years three quarters of a million of dollars in clothing the naked; in establishing the freedmen on farms; in supplying them with tools; in founding orphan homes; in distributing school-books and establishing schools. They have over two hundred teachers in the South at this time. They support orphan homes in Florida and South Carolina. They teach ten thousand children, and large numbers of adults. They have instituted industrial schools to educate the negro women to be thrifty housewives. They are continually laboring, in brief, to make the negroes self-reliant and self-supporting. They appeal for additional aid. There are but a thousand teachers for freedmen in all the Southern States; whereas twenty thousand could find immediate employment. The National Relief Association could find pupils for 5000. It has but 200. As the work is a good and great one, and as the officers of this Society are eminent citizens of New York, we heartily commend their appeal to the generosity of our readers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHESS TOURNAMENT.

IN a late number of the *Weekly* we presented our readers with the first game occurring in a match incidental to the tournament of the New York Chess Club, between the well-known amateurs Mr. C. H. STANLEY and Captain M'KENZIE. This contest has subsequently been brought to a close, having been won by Captain M'KENZIE, in the manner as follows, viz.: M'KENZIE wins 3 games, STANLEY 1, drawn games 2. Mr. STANLEY's old friends and admirers, however, are not prepared to accept this result as altogether conclusive of his inferiority—attributing it mainly to his great want of practice; and it is not improbable that when the series of other matches still progressing in this tournament are completed, a return match may be arranged. Meanwhile we print below the final game of the late encounter:

SICILIAN OPENING.

BLACK (*Mr. S.*)	WHITE (*Capt. M'K.*)
1. P to K 4	1. P to Q B 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Q Kt to B 3
3. P to Q 4	3. P takes P
4. Kt takes P	4. K Kt to B 3
5. Q Kt to B 3	5. P to K 3
6. Kt takes Kt	6. Kt P takes Kt
7. B to Q 3	7. B to Q Kt 5
8. B to Q 2	8. P to Q 4
9. Castles	9. P to Q R 3

A very excellent move, the utility of which will be more apparent as the game advances.

10. P takes P	10. B P takes P
11. P to Q R 3	11. B to Q 3
12. Q to K 2	12. Q to Q B 2
13. P to K R 3	13. B to Q Kt 2
14. P to Q Kt 4	

A very ill-considered move, by which the loss of Rook for Bishop will ensue. 14. Q R to Q or B would probably be the correct play, when we should be inclined to give Black's position the preference.

	14. B to K 4
15. Q to K	

Far better to make up his mind to a loss which is unavoidable, and play Kt to R 4 at once.

	15. R to Q B
16. Kt to Q R 4	16. B takes R
17. Q takes B	17. Castles
18. Kt to Q B 5	18. Q to Q B 3
19. B to Q B 3	19. Kt to K
20. Q to K	20. R to B 2
21. B to Q 4	21. B to B
22. Q to K 2	22. P to K B 3
23. P to Q B 4	23. K to R
24. P to Kt 5	

24. P takes P, or P to K B 4 had been far better play.

	24. P takes Kt P
25. P takes Kt P	25. Q to Q 3
26. R to Q B	

Black appears to have been demoralized by his first error on the 14th move; and, in consequence, his disasters accumulate.

	26. P to K 4
27. P to Q Kt 5	27. Q takes P
28. R to Q Kt	28. Q to Q 3
29. B to K 3	29. R takes Kt

And Mr. STANLEY resigns the game and match.

RECONSTRUCTION.

The interest connected with the reorganization of the Southern States is chiefly concentrated on the action of Congress. Mr. Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, recently made a speech at Washington somewhat radical in its tenor. The importance which would attach to this speech as coming from a member of the Cabinet is considerably diminished by the fact that the Secretary has determined to leave the Cabinet and enter the Senate. President Johnson, it is announced, has in private interviews expressed his disapprobation of the schemes proposed by Messrs. Stevens, Sumner, and Howe. He holds, it is said, that the Southern States have now more republican governments than they ever had before, and are entitled to representation.

CONGRESS.

January 23:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner proposed an amendment to the bill for the admission of Colorado, providing that the act should not go into operation except on the condition that there shall be no restriction of suffrage on the basis of color.—There was a long debate on Trumbull's bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau. Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, opposed the bill as a party measure, as an expensive burden to the country and an unwarrantable exercise of power, particularly in its application to States which had not been in rebellion. Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, favored the bill, and at the conclusion of his speech declared that there was no collision between the President and the Union party. Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, thought the bill unconstitutional.

In the House, the session was mostly taken up in debate on the Amendment to the Constitution proposed by the Committee of Fifteen. Mr. Stevens was for pushing the thing through without debate, but was not sustained by his own adherents. The debate which followed is not noteworthy.

January 24:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson proposed an amendment to the Constitution to prevent any future compensation for emancipated slaves, which was referred to the Judiciary Committee.—The bill to enlarge the Freedmen's Bureau was taken up. An amendment to strike out the section giving the negroes three years' possession of the Sea Island land was rejected, yeas 10, nays 32.

In the House, the proposed amendment to the Constitution was again debated. The debate covered minor points and not the main principle involved in the bill.

January 25:

In the Senate, the bill to enlarge the Freedmen's Bureau was passed, 37 to 10. The bill provides: 1*st*. That the Freedmen's Bureau shall be maintained, giving the President power to divide the section of country included within the provisions of the bill into twelve districts; 2*d*. That the Commissioner may divide the districts into sub-districts, and provide officers for the same, the salary of each not to exceed $1500; 3*d*. That the Secretary of War may issue supplies, medical stores, etc., and may provide for the shelter of freedmen and refugees; 4*th*. That the President may set apart for the freedmen unoccupied public lands in Florida, Mississippi, and Arkansas, not exceeding three millions of acres of good land, the occupants to pay a certain rental with the privilege of purchase; 5*th*. That the occupants of the land under General Sherman's special order shall be permitted to remain for three years; 6*th*. That schools and asylums shall be built for the freedmen at the expense of Government; 7*th*. That in any district where any rights allowed to white men are denied to freedmen, the freedmen thus discriminated against shall be protected by the Bureau; and 8*th*. That any persons, where there is such discrimination against the freedmen, who shall under cover of any local law subject freedmen to the deprivation of any civil right or to any punishment other than would in like case be inflicted on white men, shall be liable to imprisonment for one year or to a fine not exceeding $1000, or both, and that the Bureau shall have power to try and adjudicate cases of this nature.

In the House, the debate on the Constitutional Amendment was continued.

January 26:

In the Senate, the House bill, extending the time for the withdrawal of certain goods from the Custom-house, was passed.—Mr. Howe's resolution for the appointment of Provisional Governors in the South was debated. Mr. Howe replied to the speeches made by Messrs. Doolittle and Johnson.

In the House, the debate on the Constitutional Amendment was continued without result.

January 27:

The Senate was not in session.

In the House, Mr. Smith, Mr. Baker, and Mr. Broomall spoke in Committee of the Whole on the subject of reconstruction. Mr. Smith, of Kentucky, wanted members from the South to take the test-oath. Mr. Baker wanted prominent rebel officers excluded from any office under the Government. Mr. Broomall insisted upon it that the Southern people had been conquered, and therefore had no rights except what we chose to yield.

January 29:

In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull spoke at length on the bill for the protection of civil rights.

In the House, Mr. Raymond spoke for two hours on reconstruction, the question before the House being the adoption of a Constitutional Amendment to regulate the taxation and representation of the Southern States. He did not think it necessary to meddle with the organic law of the country. He thought that it was proper to demand certain guarantees of the South, but the Southern States retained every right which ever belonged to them. We had gained no new rights over them by our victory, but had only freed them from the usurpation of a rebel government. The South had not been subjugated. We could not hold them as provisional dependencies. Mr. Raymond was in favor of accepting the status of the Southern States as having resumed their functions of self-government in the Union; of admitting Southern Representatives, insisting upon loyalty as a condition to their admission; of excluding from the Federal offices the leading actors in the rebellion; of adopting such amendments to the Constitution as may seem wise to Congress and to the States, acting without coercion; and of taking such precautionary measures as would prevent the overthrow of a republican form of government in any State. Mr. Raymond thus concluded: "I beg you to bear in mind this fact—that we of the North and of the South are at war no longer. The gigantic contest is at an end. The dead of the contending hosts sleep at last beneath the soil of one common country under their common flag. Their hostilities are hushed, and they are the dead of the nation for evermore. The victor may well exult in the victory he has achieved. Let it be our task, as it will be our highest glory, to make the vanquished and their posterity to the latest generation rejoice in the end."

NEWS ITEMS.

The Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, the regiment which General Grant commanded at the beginning of the war, has lately returned from New Orleans. This veteran regiment now numbers four hundred and ninety-two men and twenty-one officers, among whom are only fifty men and two officers who started out with General Grant as Colonel. One of the originals is the commanding officer of the regiment, Colonel Jamison.

Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas was married on the evening of January 23 to Brevet Brigadier-General Robert Williams, U.S.A., at her residence, corner of New Jersey Avenue and I Street, Washington. The ceremony was performed by Father Lynch, of the Roman Catholic Church, in the presence of a small and select circle of friends of both parties.

There is much excitement in the Pennsylvania Oil Regions caused by the existence of incendiaries. Lynch-law is being resorted to, to effect a remedy.

January 23, the New Jersey Senate ratified the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. The next day the ratification was signed by Governor Ward.

On the 23d January United States Marshal Murray seized the propeller *Meteor*, Mr. Podestat, an *attaché* of the Spanish Legation, having charged that the vessel was to be fitted out as a Chilean cruiser.

Both Gonzales and Pellicier have been convicted of the murder of Otero, and sentenced to be hanged at an early day.

New York City contributes one-fifth of the entire internal revenue of the country.

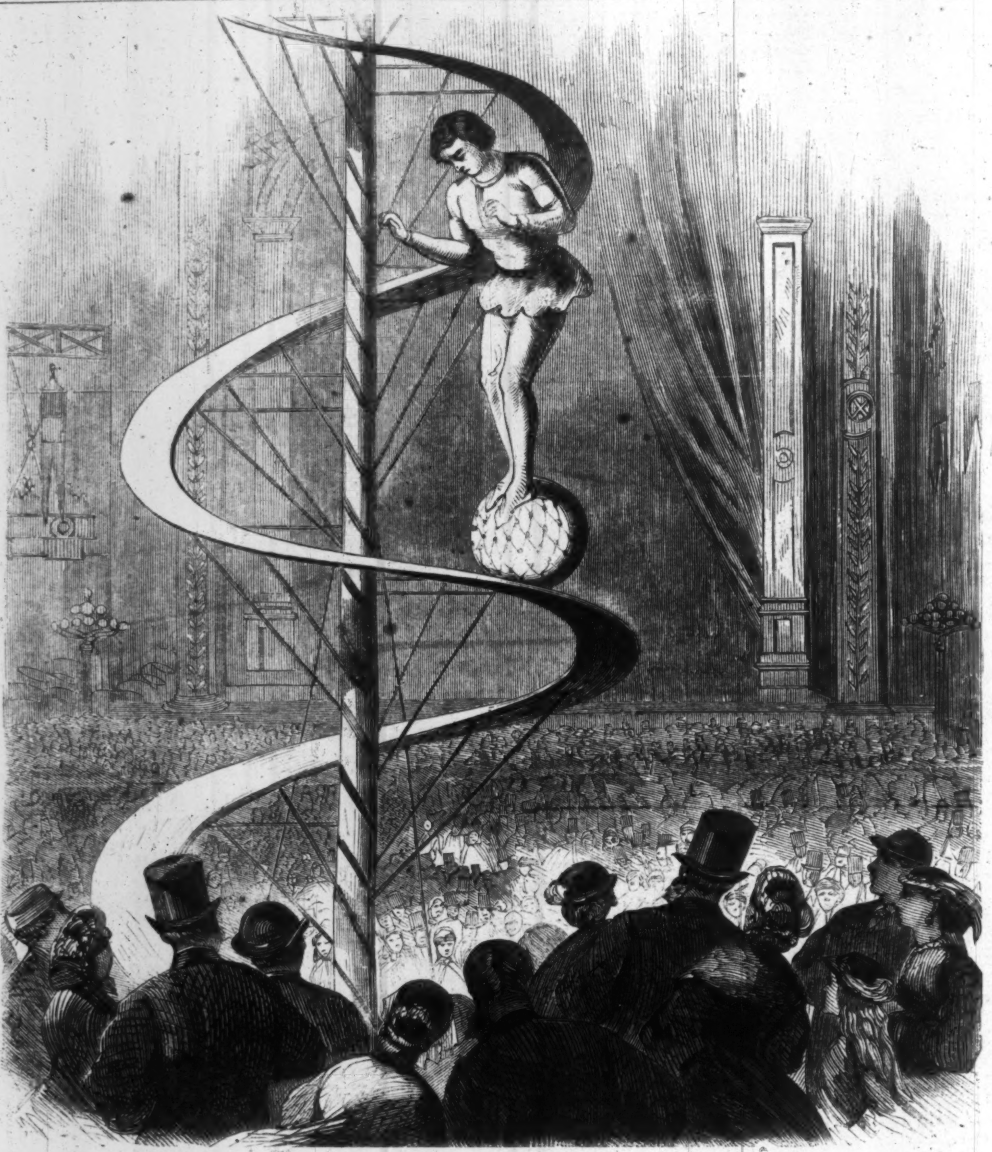
THE CHARITY BALL IN NEW YORK.

ON the evening of January 29 the *crême de la crême* of the New York City aristocracy exhibited in its characteristic manner the Christian sentiment of charity. The Nursery and Child's Hospital were in need of funds, and the *bon ton* was eager for excitement, and to satisfy both these demands at one and the same time, it was determined to give a grand ball, the proceeds of which should be devoted to the above-mentioned institution.

The grand ball came off with great éclat at the Academy of Music, and the result, measured in greenbacks, was a decided success. The occasion will be long remembered in the annals of Terpsichore. Under the skillful arrangements, superintended by Mr. KINGSLAND, the house presented a magnificent appearance. The stage supported a splendid painted canopy. In the centre were two beautiful fountains; at the end were two Cupids holding candelabras. The house was tastefully decorated with drapery and flowers, and the lobbies handsomely carpeted. There were two bands of music, and the beauty and splendor of the whole scene, including the dancers, baffle description. We can only refer our readers to the illustration given by our artist on page 88.

SIGNOR ETHARDO ON THE SPIRAL PLANK.

ONE of the most attractive features of the entertainments at the Crystal Palace in London is the performance of Signor Ethardo. This wonderful gymnast, who is a native of Italy, ascends a long spiral platform by propelling up the narrow path a large ball on which he stands, and on which he immediately descends by the same difficult and narrow road—a feat which seems to be by far the more difficult. The spiral platform, in the shape of a cork-screw, is built on the platform in front of the great orchestra, and in full view of the many thousands of spectators. Signor Ethardo has been favored with royal patronage; for, at the Dante Festival at Florence, he appeared in the presence of King Victor Emanuel, who expressed his high approval, while his Majesty's subjects burst into a frantic fit of enthusiasm, which, it appears, baffled all powers of description. Italian sensitiveness was also carried to such a height that the music was stopped, for fear the vibration should cause the gymnast to make a false step. Certainly the large Christmas assemblages at the Crystal Palace displayed no particular anxiety for the performer's safety, though they were not backward in applauding him as he arrived at various stages of his tortuous and narrow pathway, as he reached the small circular platform at the summit, and as he finally descended in safety. The globe on which this extraordinary performer works his way up and down is 30 inches in diameter and 90 inches in circumference. The width of the winding platform is 12 inches, and flat, with no groove or protection of any sort to assist the ascent or descent; and the height of the spiral column is 50 feet. The incline winding from the base to the capital of the column is upward of 180 feet in length. The globe is constructed of wood and iron, without any India rubber, gutta-percha, or other adhesive material to assist the Signor in his difficult task.



SIGNOR ETHARDO ON THE SPIRAL PLANK AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON.

THE WADSWORTH MONUMENT.

THE adjoining engraving is a good representation of the monument erected at Geneseo, New York, last autumn, to the memory of General JAMES S. WADSWORTH. The monument stands in the burial-ground of the WADSWORTH family on Temple Hill. It is built of granite, about eight feet long and five feet wide at the base, and about two feet wide and five feet long at the top. It is about ten feet high, and is surmounted with a flag-draped urn made of bronze. On the four corners are four miniature cannon. On the west side of the monument is the inscription in bronze letters:

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES S. WADSWORTH,
DIED MAY 8, 1864,
From a Wound received in the Battle of the Wilderness,
AGED 56 YEARS.

Above this inscription is an emblematic design in bronze, composed of a sheaf of wheat, a cluster of fruit, scythe, sickle, and a reaper's knife. On the east side is another design, of a sword, epaulets, and laurel wreath. Under this are the names:

Manassas, Chancellorsville,
Fredericksburg, Gettysburg,
The Wilderness.

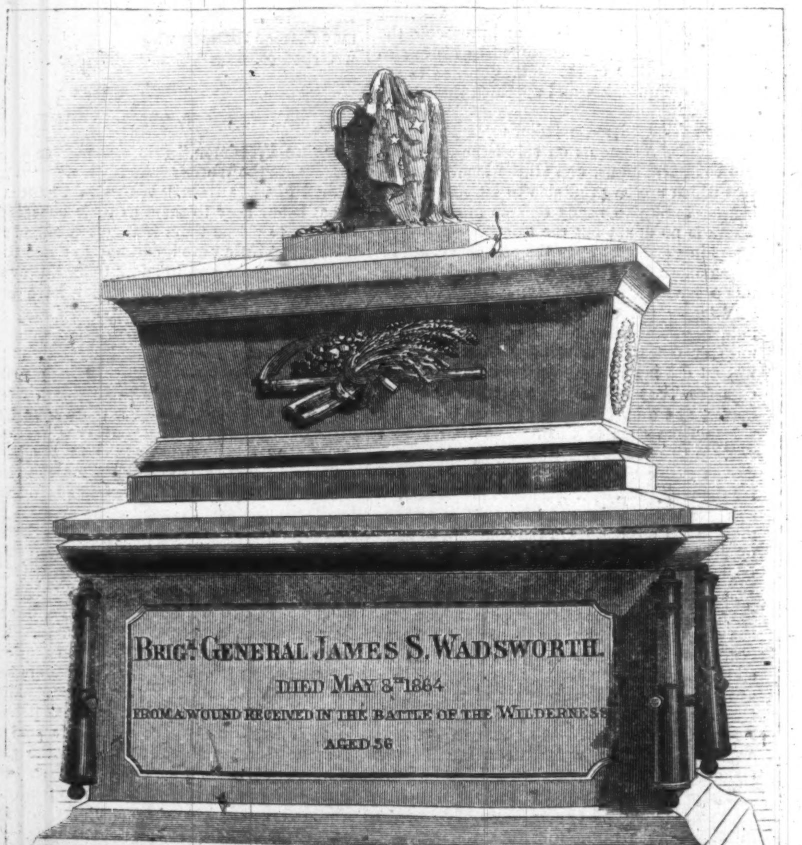
THE NEW STEAMSHIP "RISING STAR."

THE new steamship *Rising Star*, of which we give an illustration on page 93, is one of the largest and finest ever built in this country. She is thirty-two hundred tons burden, three hundred and fifteen feet in length, forty-four feet breadth of beam, thirty-one feet six inches depth of hold, and three thousand horse-power. For handsome fitting up, convenience for passengers, and capacity for cargo, according to tonnage, this vessel is the peer of any thing before sailing from this port. She combines all that is necessary to a perfect steamer, with the comforts and luxuries of the most sumptuous hotel. She has a beam-engine of 100-inch cylinder and twelve feet stroke, with surface condensers, auxiliary engines, etc. She seems to be a model for speed, and in her build a tower of strength. The *Rising Star* has accommodations for two hundred and twenty first-class passengers. The crew of the vessel numbers eighty-five men.

Captain HORATIO NELSON, of the *Rising Star*, was born in 1826, in New York city. He is a son of Captain WILLIAM NELSON, so well known to the mercantile community. Captain NELSON graduated at Columbia College of this city in 1843. Immediately afterward, although his education fitted him to enter any of the learned professions, he went to sea on a sailing vessel bound to Australia. He soon rose to the rank of Captain, and has for a score of years been a well-known ship-master in connection with the New Orleans trade. Before he became Captain of the *Rising Star* he held a similar relation to the *Morning Star*, of the same line.

While in this position Captain NELSON, last February, was the means of rescuing the officers and crew of the United States gun-boat *Merrimac*, off the Florida coast. When he first discovered the vessel there was some doubt as to the character of the latter. She might be a Government vessel or she might be a rebel cruiser. At any rate the Captain soon discovered that the vessel, whatever her character, was lying in a position in which no ship-master would place her, and he determined to heave close to her. Upon doing so he found that she was the gunboat *Merrimac*, that she was foundered, and that her fires were out. Much to his own embarrassment, and at a great cost to the Company, he took the crew and soldiers, numbering in all 140 men, on board his vessel and landed them at Port Royal. Strange as it may seem, after going so much out of his way, and having consumed nearly all his coal, he found it impossible to obtain, even by purchase, a fresh supply either from the Government yard at Port Royal or at Norfolk. Never has the Government in any shape testified to Captain NELSON its approval of his generous action. Captain NELSON is one of the most careful and accomplished ship-masters of this country. He has carefully kept all the observations which he has ever made at sea, and his discipline on board ship is perfect and a great source of confidence to his passengers. Generous to a fault, he is a gentleman of culture, of the most refined manners, and we can wish no sea-farer a happier fortune than to travel under his care. The *Rising Star*, of which Mr. NELSON is Captain, cost nearly $800,000.

HENRY BARTH, DIED NOVEMBER 25, 1865.—[SEE PAGE 91.]



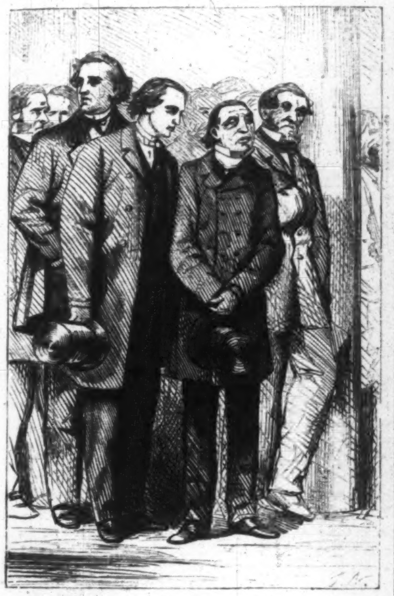
THE WADSWORTH MONUMENT AT GENESEO, NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WM. A. CHAMP.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



AT THE KNOW NOTHING CEREMONY.

CHAPTER V.

ONCE in his life the Rev. Edward Arthur had a misfortune befall him which was really one among the most fortunate circumstances he ever experienced. If it will make this seeming paradox any plainer, let us say instead, the gentleman in question stumbled over an obstacle at the outset of his ministerial path, but so stumbled as from that moment to walk that path, when it had become a thousand times more difficult and dangerous, with a step firm and sure where multitudes fell never again to rise.

This most fortunate misfortune, this most beneficial blunder, happened on this wise:

Some four or five years before Secession was ever regarded as a possibility outside the State lines of South Carolina, a great political movement took place throughout the United States—a movement as sudden, as unexpected, and, it may be added, as much underground, too, as an earthquake. At first there floated a vague rumor, eddying about the street corners of Somerville, of something new and remarkable in the political world. To the people of Somerville it was, however, a something so little understood, and so very far away, that no one felt or expressed much interest in the matter.

The matter, however, which at first was only hinted at in the papers with a scornful item here and there, began to be more fully and frequently and respectfully alluded to. Each successive paper contained news of sudden and amazing victories obtained by the new party in city elections here and there. The excitement rose rapidly. Overwhelming majorities for the new organization swept away whole States at once. The Whig and Democratic leaders ceased from their mutual strife in amazement; not more astounded were the white-haired old generals of Europe when the youthful Napoleon rushed with victorious hosts over their obsolete tactics and old-fashioned battalions. The one thought with these leaders was how to take possession of the new party, so as therewith to defeat each his ancient enemy. But while Whig and Democrat thus schemed and planned the new movement swept them, for the time, both aside from its onward course.

Somerville was very far from being at the first of things; but even Somerville became finally and deeply interested in this new thing under the sun. In vain, at the outset of the matter, did it look to the Somerville *Star* for light and guidance. For a time Lamum held both his tongue and his pen. Lamum was taken completely unaware, and was waiting to see. Weeks rolled by, friends and enemies alike waiting for the Delphic syllable from the lips of the renowned editor—friends waiting, afraid to step save after him who had so often led them on to victory, doubly afraid to place themselves in possible antagonism to that trenchant pen; enemies waiting for fear of committing themselves to an organization until Lamum was pledged against it; then, and not till then, could they be certain the organization was a thing right and good.

At last Lamum spoke. A thunder-peal was not more distinct, a lightning flash not more direct and destructive. The new movement was wrong, unprincipled, detestable in every point. Those who had gone into it were deluded fools or designing knaves. From that moment Lamum turned his artillery steadily and terribly upon the new party. It was enough. In a few days his followers had all abandoned and denounced it, his enemies had to a man united themselves to, and henceforth defended, it.

Lamum never hinted an explanation of his course in those days, but it was readily understood afterward. From his earliest political life the dissolution of the Union had been to him what it is said the conquest of Constantinople is to the Russian Government—the grand object and end of existence. If Lamum paused when the new party first rose into notice, it was only to ascertain whether that party could in any way hasten the destruction of the Union; could by any possibility be so wrought by main force as to be a new and effective engine to that glorious end. Had Lamum only been satisfied on this point he would have gone into it with all his—we will not say *soul*, the word does not apply to the gentleman—let us say intellect.

It was soon sufficiently clear to him that the new party was not available to this end; nay, it might even switch off the public mind upon a new track! Lamum was down upon it. Shrewd politician, men said afterward. Lamum had opposed and denounced Know Nothingism in the very moment it seemed certainly victorious over all opposition. Its sudden and universal unpopularity left Lamum amazingly in the ascendant. His influence was increased beyond computation. Yet all the shrewdness of the man, all the force, influence, success of Lamum rose solely from his having given himself up wholly to one idea. "The destruction of this accursed Union"—that was the thought, the passion, the end and aim of his life. He had cherished it years before he had dared whisper it even to his most intimate friend. He had attended years ago the Nashville Convention to plan toward this end, when almost universal contempt attended the step. Patiently, hopefully, unwearyingly had he toiled in this one direction. What amazing force it gives a man, the abandoning one's self to one purpose in life!

Had Europe known, had this continent known, how completely the destruction of the Union had been for long years the one fixed purpose in life of a few able men at the South, pledged heart and mind to this thing, Europe and this continent would have been less amazed at the attempt when it was made.

"Be at my office—can you?—this afternoon at four," said Guy Brooks one morning to Mr. Arthur at the rise of the great Know Nothing movement of which we have spoken. As he said this the lawyer—for Guy Brooks was a lawyer—had an aspect of meaning and mystery; and the expression thereof did not suit him either. A face franker and more open you might have searched even his native Kentucky for in vain.

"I can be at your office then," replied his pastor; "but what for?" Not that Mr. Arthur needed to be informed; his friend's mysterious manner had already informed him.

"You come down and see," replied the lawyer.

The young minister looked for a moment inquiringly, even doubtfully, at his friend, who had turned away to search for really nothing whatever among the pigeon-holes of his desk. After a minute's silence Mr. Arthur shut and locked the door and laid his hat upon the table.

"I suppose I know what you are speaking of," he said, "and I want a word or two of conversation with you just now and upon that subject."

The lawyer took his seat, though it was evident he had much rather have waived the whole matter.

"Mr. Brooks," said the young minister, "you already know how I am situated—young, inexperienced, aiming to effect good here in Somerville, if it please God. I am resolved to be nothing else in this world and in this town than a preacher of the Gospel. Do you think it will be right in me to go into this new movement? Tell me frankly as a friend, as an officer of our church."

"Yes, I do," replied the lawyer. It was not so much in a positive as in a dogged manner that he said this. What singular creations we all are! Sitting there by that table those two men knew perfectly well, each and both of them, that they ought to have nothing whatever to do with the new party. Guy Brooks, burly, openhearted, open-handed, frank-spoken man that he was to the centre of his heart, knew with absolute certainty that he ought to go into no organization whatever with whose whole plan and purpose he was not thoroughly acquainted.

His pastor, too, knew, just as well, that, as a minister of the Gospel, he most assuredly had no business in any such affair whatever. If you had asked him, "Would an Apostle have enrolled himself a member of any such party—of *any* party at all?" the "No, Sir!" would have sprung spontaneously to his lips. "Would Whitfield, Wesley, Heber, Henry Martyn, any true minister of the Gospel, go into such a thing?" "No, Sir! no!" would have been the instant reply. From the first something within him had kept up a perpetual No! at the very possibility of his becoming an initiate in the mysterious Order. And yet both he and his friend persisted, none the less, in doing what all the time they knew well they ought to have carefully avoided. Such is this perverse nature of ours. The voice within, certainly in the case of a Christian, may be as still and small as that which spake to Elijah at Engedi, but it is perfectly distinct, and is the voice of God. From the greatest to the smallest thing in life, no man errs but does err, not that this voice has not spoken, but that, having spoken within him, he will not heed it.

The mischief is, that the young minister put the keeping of himself in the matter out of his own hands into that of his friend. Almost feminine in his trust where he loved, it was his nature, then, to take a positive pleasure in looking to and relying upon others—at least in the way of advice about things better known to them than to himself. It was an amiable weakness, and a positive weakness if it was amiable. On the whole, after a man has become a man, if he lives in friendship with God, then to that man God within him is guide enough. Infinitely better be advising with Him in his Word, His Providence, and in prayer, than be running hither and thither in search of advice and direction from this one and that, who is himself a safe counselor only as he himself is counseled in the matter of God. Better live in one's own fellowship with the Almighty! With Christ on his own bark let every man hold the helm of himself with his own hand! Entirely too much do we depend upon and are we governed by each other.

And so, that afternoon, was our youthful divine introduced, with a sense of shame and wrong-doing, into a miserable back-room of an old office, and there initiated into the mystic hand. It so happened that by his side, during the process, stood Brother Barker. Profoundly impressed was pale, lean, lank-haired Brother Barker with the ceremony. His peculiar, heavy-lidded eyes drooped not enough over his pupils, but you could see the awe, the wonder, the intensity of his faith in the whole matter.

"Brother Barker," said the young minister, half aloud to his companion, about the middle of the initiation.

"Well, Brother Arthur," replied he, but giving all his attention to the ceremony.

"One thing I feel satisfied of. This"—and Mr. Arthur finished the sentence aloud—"is no place for either you or me!" And there was not a man there but knew the same, at least of the two ministers. But Brother Barker went into it, nevertheless! From that day none more zealous than he in the cause. No man in all the region organized, and, in every way, advocated the new party so efficiently and unwearyingly. "Brother Barker throws his whole heart into whatever *he* goes into, you'd better believe," had always been the remark among his friends of him.

"We ought—at least, of one thing I am certain, *I* ought never to have come here," said Mr. Arthur to Guy Brooks, as they walked away.

"Oh, I don't know!" replied his friend. Only he *did* know.

"You will act as you please," continued Mr. Arthur; "but I am done with the thing from this moment."

And yet not six weeks had passed when Guy Brooks recognized, and with regret, his pastor seated among the members of the Order at a special meeting for the purpose of nominating, which was the same as actually electing—the majority of voters in the place being members of the Order—certain county officers. The fact is, the young minister had been informed that Guy Brooks was that night to be put forward for an important office. The vote would be a very close one, it was urged upon him. "Attend for this once, your vote may elect him. Surely you will do that much for your friend!" And so again did he pass out of his own hands into that of others! Yet Brooks was not elected at last. The only vote cast for him was that of the minister, some sudden arrangement having been entered into just as the Order met, by which another man was substituted.

This was the first, and it was the last identification of Mr. Arthur by himself as a politician. In the sudden and overwhelming unpopularity of the Order which speedily followed, it so happened that no one was more thoroughly abused as having been a member of it than was he. Very bitter it was to the sensitive young man, the essence of the bitterness being that his own conscience joined its voice to those of his foes. Many a night did he lie awake utterly miserable. "That I should have erred so, I who so keenly feel the peculiar sanctity of the calling to which I have given myself. The severest of my enemies reproach me not half so bitterly as I do myself. But why should *I* be so singled out for reproach when every minister of every denomination in this whole region was also a member—all of them—active members! I opposed it in my very initiation, attended but once, and that for the sake of friendship, and yet I am so held up! Why should it be so?"

Why it was all so ordered he understood perfectly well not until years afterward. When Secession became the rage he was the burned child that dreaded the fire. His experience during the furor of Know Nothingism had branded into him several wholesome truths. He learned that a great political movement might swiftly rise and as swiftly cease. He learned that such a movement might, at one hour, number its millions of adherents, and at another after-hour have left scarce one to do it reverence. He learned that vast multitudes might, during a period, be roused to enthusiasm upon a certain point, professing the most thorough conviction, the most ardent affection, the most adamantine resolve in regard to that point, and yet, in a very short time afterward, that enthusiasm have utterly cooled out, that conviction utterly gone, that affection changed into as strong aversion, that resolve reversed to work exactly the other way.

His experience from Know Nothingism left him, and thousands like him, thoroughly prepared to resist the far more eventful Secession storm when it, in its terrible turn, raged over the South—resist it, at least, from sweeping them an iota aside. To that first experience did this son of Levi, at least, owe it that, from the outset to the end of Secession, he clung but the more devotedly and exclusively to his one business in life as a Gospel minister. And the wondrous dealing of Providence thus with him to this end awoke within him the sincerest faith and love ever thereafter in that Providence.

It was very early one morning, soon after the election of Lincoln was looked upon as a settled thing, that Guy Brooks entered the study of his pastor. That study was a little room in the rear of the church, amazingly convenient to the lawyer on his way between his house and his office down town. The lawyer had a half-concealed expression of anxiety as he entered the room, took his seat, unfolded a huge poster,

"THERE! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?"

spread it out upon the table before his friend, and leaned back in his chair with a "There! what do you think of that?"

As the minister read the flaming capitals the lawyer studied his countenance. It was the countenance of a poet as well as a preacher—oval brown eyes, clustering brown hair, quiet lips, almost too full to be so firm; an expression of thought, suffering, patience, and that altogether indescribable separateness of the man from other men which characterizes the countenance of him who habitually looks within himself and above himself.

There was a marked dissimilarity and as marked a similarity between these two friends. The lawyer was of an unusually large frame—the singular characteristic of Kentucky—stature fit for those who man that outpost and bulwark of freedom, while the minister was but of medium size. The lawyer was angular, and somewhat awkward and cumbrous, while his friend was the exact reverse. The brown face of the lawyer would have been homely were it not for the frank and good-humored expression which pervaded it, while peace and thought gave to the face of the minister that which elevated and refined a countenance already prepossessing.

Even had the two men not been thrown together as minister and officer of a young and struggling church, in a new community having but little sympathy with religion, they would have been drawn together by an instinctive affinity. Genuine piety and heart-felt sincerity in both, the dependence of the lawyer upon the minister as his spiritual guide, and of the minister upon the lawyer as his counselor in matters of the world—these ties bound the two closely together. The lawyer found singular freshness and gentleness and elevation of sentiment in his friend in comparison with the rough and practical world in which he was struggling; and the minister turned with pleasure from his books and his own abstractions to the healthful, matter-of-fact, free-spoken lawyer. Not in vain, either, had they, side by side, learned the same lesson during the raging of Know Nothingism, and of all that followed upon its heels.

"Yes, but what do you think of it?" asked the lawyer, as his companion read the poster through, then, without a word, folded it up and returned it to its owner.

"Nothing at all. But where did you get it?" was the reply.

"Tore it down from beside the door of the Post-office," said the Kentuckian, with emphasis.

"It was hardly worth your while," said his companion; "you surely attach no importance to any effort of the sort."

"You are mistaken, Sir; terribly mistaken. Listen, how it sounds!" continued the lawyer, and he opened the poster as he stood, and read it in a powerful and earnest voice.

"FREEMEN OR SLAVES!

"The die is cast. The unprincipled Abolitionists of the North have accomplished their diabolical purpose. Beyond a doubt Abraham Lincoln has been elected President. Are you prepared to submit to the iron yoke of an Abolitionist? *Your* President AN ABOLITIONIST? Fellow-citizens, we must strike for our liberty NOW, or be forever SLAVES! All those in favor of calling an immediate Convention of the people of this great State will meet this afternoon at the Court-house at 3 o'clock. Come one, come all!

"'Strike for your altars and your fires,
Strike for the green graves of your sires!
God and your native land!'"

"Well, and what of all that?" asked the minister, perfectly cool beside the excitement of his companion.

"What of all that?" replied his companion. "Is it possible you do not know what is to follow? Do you not know that South Carolina has already seceded? That Mississippi has probably followed? That the storm is just rising which is to sweep over all the Southern States? What of that? It means that our State, too, is to be hurled into the movement."

"By whom?" The minister patient with his mistaken friend.

"By the leaders of this meeting this afternoon."

"And who are they? Look at it, man. Lamum, first and foremost; Colonel Roberts; Judge Jones, who owes his late election to Lamum; Colonel Juggins will ride in, too, from the country; Dr. Giunis; Alf Pike; Dick Simmons; Bob Withers; and the like. There may be others, but only as spectators, like yourself, Mr. Ellis, and Ferguson."

"You seem to take it for granted that I am not going into the thing," said the lawyer, composing his face.

"May God forbid!" ejaculated the minister, fervently, and somewhat anxiously.

"He has forbidden, he does forbid! But you do not estimate the thing right. Perhaps only a dozen or two of the professional politicians will meet there really determined to act. Lamum will be called to the Chair. Brother Barker, by previous arrangement, will open the meeting with prayer."

"Never!" interrupted the minister, eagerly.

"It shows how little you know, shut up here among your books. Brother Barker will open with a long and fervent prayer. His whole denomination at the South will identify itself, has identified itself with the movement. The strongest kind of resolutions have been written out by Lamum weeks ago, and will be introduced and passed. Not a hundredth part of Somerville will sympathize in the thing—the community as a community will heartily disapprove of the thing—yet Lamum will publish a blazing account in his paper, and represent the proceedings as the unanimous and enthusiastic expression of the whole county. Meanwhile, by letters and visits to all parts of the State, made weeks ago, months ago, similar meetings will be got up by similar politicians over the whole State; an enthusiasm will be kindled, will rage with fury over the State. Then a Convention will be held, Secession will be consummated, and then—God only knows what!"

"But the Governor—" began the minister.

"By—by nothing at all!" burst out the lawyer, deeply excited. "What a splendid opportunity for immortal fame that man has! Oh, if I could but be in his place to-day!"

"And what would you do? could you do?"

"Do? I would run up the flag of my country, rally around it by proclamation every true man in the State, and defy the devil of Disunion and all his infernal works! I tell you, Sir, three-fourths of the voters of the State would stand by me to the death. Lamum and his clique over the entire South—the *politicians*—are utterly distinct from the people in this whole matter. The politicians have a long-cherished hatred against the North burning in their bosoms; they want plunder and power. The people are busy with their crops and their families; they want only their rights and peace. Yet in one month—in two weeks from this hour, the people will have passed helpless into the hands of the politicians. And while this golden, glorious moment is passing away never to return, there they sit at the capital of the State, the Governor and the heads of departments, bewailing and deprecating and dreading the awful ruin they have at least sense enough to know is coming upon the State. Unwilling to shed blood! Imbeciles! Infatuated old women! As if the cause of Right and Liberty and Law, and all we hold dear as American freemen, is not the one cause to strike for, if need be to die for. Shed blood! As if *that* should paralyze us in this last moment. Only run up the flag of our country, rally around it the true men of the State, arrest every traitor; only a firm front and a bold hand for this next golden month, and the State is saved forever, just as old Kentucky will be!" And the lawyer walked the floor in excess of impatience.

"But the Governor?" insisted the minister.

"Understands the whole evil as well as any man; would do what is right; but—but—"

"Is too old," supplied the minister, in sorrowful tones.

The lawyer's head sunk gloomily upon his breast.

"You draw a terrible picture," said the young minister, after a long silence; "yet I do not feel at all dismayed. I have no certain faith in any human arm or brain. But I do feel a full and quiet faith in God. You believe in him as well as I. You know perfectly well that he orders all hearts, all minds, all events in infinite wisdom and love. This is a great Christian nation, has been founded as such. Ever since its peculiarly religious foundation was laid in prayers and tears by the holiest men then alive on earth, it has been a nation trained to piety. Think of the numerous and powerful denominations; think of the great benevolent associations for the advancement of Christianity at home and abroad, and of their millions of income. Why, Sir, this is a Christian land! I can not for a moment believe it is to be given up to disruption and ruin. I would as soon expect the sun to—to—"

"Go out?" asked the lawyer. "Well, and 'the sun shall be turned into sackcloth'—I don't remember the rest of the passage—'the moon into blood.'"

"Oh, that refers to the latter days," said his companion, with a smile of superior theological information.

"I myself can not think, can not bring myself to believe in the raging of a civil war in this nation—*this* nation. It seems preposterous," said the lawyer, as if reasoning with himself.

The minister laughed outright. "I did not dream you were ever troubled with such morbid notions, Mr. Brooks. Really Lamum frightens you altogether too much. Do you think that such men as Lamum, and the class whom he represents, are to be compared with the vast body of sober, sensible, Christian men who make up this great country? Or, if that is not strong enough," said the minister, with a pitying smile, "do you imagine that a million of Lamums are too powerful for the Almighty? For my part, the more I think of it the more composed I feel. War? Nonsense!"

"God often uses bad men to accomplish his greatest purposes," said the lawyer. "As to our Christianity, we may turn out to be not so Christian a people as we have fancied ourselves to be. And who knows," he added, looking at his friend in a way which both puzzled and awoke vague pain in his bosom, "but that the Almighty has a special controversy with us as a people—a *special* controversy? If He has, you depend on it no amount of Christianity, nor of national fasting and prayer on our part, will arrest His hand until that one matter be settled. We will see very soon. No matter about that just yet. The power of the bad men, the palsy of the good men just now! I declare it does look like the hand of the Almighty, though. However! It is the ruin of my native South, and by the rash hands of the South itself, that I fear. However, I am glad to find we think and feel alike in this matter. I was sure we would. Time for me to go to my office. Good-morning." And the visitor was gone only to look back again the next moment.

"I am afraid I know somebody with whom you will *not* be able to agree in regard to Secession," he said, significantly.

"And who may that be?" asked the minister, feeling his face suddenly burn as he spoke.

"Not the least use to inform you," said the lawyer with a smile, and closing the door after him.

THE WARRANTEE DEED.

AIR—"*Villikins and his Dinah.*"

A LAWYER there was, whom I'll call Mr. Clay,
He had but few clients, and those didn't pay;
At length, of starvation he grew so afraid,
That he courted and married a wealthy old maid.
Chorus.—Ri tu ral li, tu ral li, tu ral li, day.

At the wedding this lawyer made one great mistake;
'Twas not in omitting the cards or the cake;
The ring was well chosen, the parson well feed,
But the groom did not ask for a warrantee deed.
Chorus, bewailing this sad mistake.—Ri tu, etc.

One night, in their chamber, the lady arose,
And began to prepare to retire to repose:
While her husband sat near her, admiring the charms
Which it gave him such pleasure to clasp in his arms.
Enraptured Chorus, appropriate to the feelings of the joyous bridegroom.—Ri tu, etc.

She went to the wash-stand to bathe her fair face,
But the process destroyed all its beauty and grace;
The rose on her cheek, whether ruddy or faint,
When displayed on the towel was nothing but paint!
Amazed Chorus, on witnessing the materials of the lady's countenance displayed upon the towel.—Ri tu, etc.

She went to the mirror, to take down her hair,
But when she had done so, her cranium was bare!
Said she, "Don't be frightened to see my poor head,
I shall put on my cap when I get into bed."
Chorus: to be sung as smooth as the lady's head.—Ri tu, etc.

Her husband next saw, with amazement and grief,
A curious performance of hers with her teeth;
She took them all out with her fingers and thumbs,
Said she, "I'm accustomed to sleep in my gums."
Toothless Chorus: to be sung by Dr. Colton's laughing-gas patients.—Ri tu, etc.

Then she loosened the robes which enveloped her waist,
And took something out which within them was placed;
Said she, "When I'm dead, let it not be forgotten,
You can make a small fortune, my love, on this cotton."
Chorus: exhibiting the sudden change in the feelings of the widower, produced by receiving the price of the cotton.—Ri tu, etc.

The groom had been sitting in stupid surprise
To see such strange doings before his own eyes;
But now he leaped up, and rushed out at the door,
And poor Mrs. Clay never saw him *no* more!
Slam bang Chorus: showing how the departing husband shut the door after him.—Ri tu, etc.

Young man, when you go to agree for a wife,
'Tis the gravest agreement you'll make in your life;
Don't trust to good looks—of my counsel take heed;
But be sure and *insist on a warrantee deed.*
Grand final Chorus, by twenty-four resolute young men, each determined to exact a warrantee deed.—Ri tu, etc.

PHILIP FALKLAND'S STORY.

WHEN my mother was left a widow, and it had been discovered that the money which was supposed to be lying in the Crampton Bank had been invested in the consolidated Bubble and Smash Company, and in some mysterious manner disappeared with it; when the old family mansion was sold and the furniture with it, and all our earthly possessions were packed away in trunks standing ready corded in the hall for the morrow's flitting, mother looked around her and saw the three of us, all boys, sitting sadly over the fire, and sighed out:

"Well, I'm glad there are no girls among you: men can make their own way in the world, give them half a chance. Maybe it will be the Lord's will that I should go too; and how could I leave young lasses? There's Eben half a doctor now—and learning every day; and Samuel with good prospects before him—if the ironmongery isn't quite what we'd have chosen; and Phil"—there she stopped and reddened, and said, quickly—"Phil's but young yet, and has elder brothers."

I knew what she meant right well: why her face flushed and her lip quivered. And when Eben had taken his light and gone up stairs to bed, and Samuel, with a kiss a child might have given his mother, had followed him, I took my crutches and came out of the corner where I had been sitting, and sat down by mother's side.

"You've been fretting about me, mother," I said.

She looked at me with another flush, and said, "I've a great deal to fret about just now, you know, my dear."

"I know that, mother," I said. "But I know this also—when you sat thinking before the fire just now—often since our troubles came upon us you have said this to yourself:

"'Eben will be a doctor in good practice some day. Samuel will succeed and make friends and fortune. But what can Phil do but drag his brothers down by living on their bounty?'"

My mother put her hand over my mouth. "I never thought the half of that," she said. "Elder brothers should always help the younger."

"And how much younger am I than they?" I asked. "They are twins, and nearly one-and-twenty; I am full nineteen. Mother, you have been anxious on my score. You are still."

"Well, Phil," said mother, "I won't deny it; we have tried—your poor father and I—to make life easy for you, and it seems so terrible for you now. I wish again and again you were a little child, so that I could carry you about and cuddle you up in my arms more than ever. Ever since you were hurt I've felt so, and *now*, oh, Phil! the others may manage, and *I'm* an old woman; but what will you do without money?"

"As well as the rest, dear mother," I said.

"No, Phil," said mother. "They can walk and run. They hardly used the carriage when we had it, and you always rode, either in that or on horseback. They can eat common dishes with appetite, and you need things that cost money to tempt you. And soft cushions and carpets and cozy seats you must have, and I've seen the others choose to spend all day in their work-shop or the barn. I love all my boys; but you're right, I don't fret for the others as I do for you."

"Never fret again, mother," I said; "I've got into lazy habits, and am stronger than you think. And the riding was all pride. You see I look better any where than on my feet. And as for bread-winning, I can do something in that way too. I have hands, if I haven't feet, that are worth much to me."

"The boy never means to turn tailor or shoemaker!" cried mother, with a gasp.

"I'll do *that* before I'll be idle," I said; "but I was thinking of something else. Do you know I believe Nature made me an artist?"

"Goodness!" cried mother. "Why, what makes you think so?"

"Because I've always loved to paint and draw," I said. "Because I've done more than you know in that way, and because—to tell the truth to my own mother—I feel certain I don't daub. My pictures are not what they ought to be. I have every thing to learn, but I *feel* what I can not *do*, and I'm certain some day to do something."

Mother looked at me as though I were a pet child who had proposed some absurd attempt, and said, in a humoring voice,

"Yes, dear, of course you can. It will amuse you nicely."

"Wait here," I said. "Only wait here a while."

And I went from the room and along a little passage to my pretty bedchamber and brought out my port-folio.

Mother put on her glasses and prepared to look indulgently. But in a little while, as she turned the pieces of millboard over, her eyes began to sparkle. And at last she almost screamed,

"They're fit to frame and put in an exhibition. They are, Phil! I always went to one in the spring with poor dear pa, and I ought to know. Oh, to think that *I*, nobody but I, should have such a genius for a son. A boy who paints pictures fit to frame already! Why didn't you tell us before? Oh, Phil!"

She put both arms about my neck and cried outright as she spoke; and I could have cried for joy to see her so glad. I knew better than she how far my work was from that of an experienced artist. That this was crude, and that cold, and the other a little out of drawing. But it would have been pure vanity to point out these defects to her while she sat gloating over the sketches with her eyes dewy and her lips a-tremble.

After a while, when she would let me, I slowly gathered them up, and said,

"So you like them, mother?"

"Like them! Oh, Phil!" sobbed mother. "And to think how good God is all the while. So often I've watched boys at their games and wished my fair-haired Phil could be among them; and, perhaps, if you had not been lame you would never have painted at all. And to be such a genius is better than any thing else in this world. Money? Surely, Phil, I need not fret now. I've heard of great artists being paid small fortunes for one picture. And you'll be a great one, I know. Phil, I could almost kiss that little girl! I have almost (not quite) forgiven her."

"Forgive her entirely," I said, "for she was never to blame."

And as I plodded wearily into my chamber I could not help thinking of the point my life turned upon. I could not help sighing a little heavily to think, after all, how glad I should be to be strong and active like Eben and Sam.

I had not always been lame. It was not until I was fourteen that, as I sat sketching the vessels on the Hudson one afternoon, I spied a little girl, a mere child, on the railroad track between the bank I sat on and the river. She was picking up some flowers she had dropped, and knew nothing of the great iron monster screaming up the track toward her, or of her danger. I called to her, but she did not hear me, and there was so little time to spare that I had barely reached the spot when— No matter—you have guessed the whole already, and I saved the child. She had, they said, no scratch or bruise upon her.

I was so glad of that, when I was able to talk of it, that I longed to see the little creature once again. And then, for the first time, I knew that mother, with her heart full of sorrow for me, had spoken very bitterly to the mother of the little girl who had come weeping to ask after me and thank me, and had forbidden her to come near the house again. They were strangers, and had left the place since that time, and so we lost all trace of them.

I'm sure mother hated the very memory of the child; but I always felt tender toward her—something as a mother may to the child who owes its life to her agony I often think.

While I tied up my port-folio I gave a few moments to those remembrances, and then called "Good-night!" across the hall. Mother's voice answered almost cheerily,

"Good-night, Phil!" And soon I heard her in her own room, and though it was the last night in our dear old home, fell to sleep and dreamed of pleasant things until the day broke.

Then, with the ringing of the breakfast-bell, we were up and doing. There were good-bys to be said to a few neighbors; two faithful servants to part from. Each wanted to visit some favorite spot alone, and each dreaded the last moment for the others. But it passed better than we expected for all of us. Mother hid her face in her handkerchief—Eben sighed, and Sam's voice was husky; but that was all. After we were in the cars I felt my hand cold and clammy, and my heart beating fearfully from the excitement I had hardly been aware of; but I had given no sign of what I felt to the others, and was thankful for that, as I watched the roof of our old home fade into the distance, and saw at last even the steeple, in whose shadow my father lay asleep, turn into a cloudy dream and vanish.

Four days later we had found some rooms in one of the plainest streets of New York, and were fairly started upon our new, strange life.

Even I was busy, for the sketches had been shown to my brothers. Eben had said:

"I'm no critic, but I think he's got it in him, mother."

And Sam had cried, "You may turn it to profit somehow, Phil."

And the cabinet council decided that the best room was to be my study, and that the front door should be garnished with a plate bearing the words —PHILIP FALKLAND, *Artist*. So the plate was up; and my sketches were upon the walls, and a new easel and pallet and maulstick ready; and while Eben divided his time between the chemist shop and hard study, and Sam, as clerk in an iron foundry, earned his small salary well, I painted and waited for purchasers and sitters.

They were slow in coming; but daguerreotypes were not in all hands then, and some people were glad to find a young artist who would paint cheaply. My first patron was a coachman, who wanted a likeness to present to his sweet-heart; my second a little dress-maker from over the way, who had evidently been smitten by brother Eben, and fancied him the artist; and my third was a gentleman who longed for a portrait of his dead wife, and whose name was Hargrave.

I painted her as she lay, a beautiful piece of marble, on her pillow, and my fancy helped me to the life-like glow on the cheek and the radiance of the smile.

The husband told me his daughter's eyes were like her mother's, and the young lady was to sit to me while I painted them.

One morning I waited in my studio for her coming, and heard a little knock on the door. When I cried, "Come in!" it opened, and a girl of seventeen, dressed in deep mourning, entered. It was no surprise to me when she said, "I am Mr. Hargrave's daughter Jessie, Mr. Falkland," for I expected her; yet something startled me as I placed a chair for her. As I uttered the few common-places which usually come to the lips of strangers who meet for the first time, I was aware of a strange feeling that I had known this girl before, and tried to remember where I could have met her.

Afterward, as I tried to transfer those strange, solemn, long-lashed eyes to canvas, I began to know that I had always secretly expected to look into such eyes. That since I could dream at all I had dreamed of that face. That this girl, yet a stranger, would be more to me than any other living mortal. Somehow she was interwoven with my destiny. Somehow she would work me good or ill.

Thinking thus I painted on, and the daughter's eyes shone from the mother's pictured face. I had never painted so well before. I had never so longed for more time over my work. When the evening shadows began to creep over the sky I laid my brush aside with a sigh, and said:

"If you are as weary as sitters usually are, you will be glad to hear that I have done for to-day, Miss Hargrave."

She answered: "I am not tired in the least;" and came around my easel to look at the picture.

"It is like mamma," she said. "How could you, who never knew her, paint so good a likeness? The eyes, too, though hers, were handsomer than mine will ever be. How papa will treasure it!"

It came into my mind to tell her that no eyes could be more beautiful than hers; but I held my peace, and only thanked her by a bow for her praise of my work. And then, as she was going, saw her to the door, not knowing that we should ever meet again. In fact, that we should not seemed most likely; for Mr. Hargrave had spoken of returning to England—his native place—and of taking his daughter with him. The picture was already paid for, and was to be sent for on the morrow, and I had no excuse for intruding upon the privacy of either father or daughter.

Yet, again and again the haunting memory of those eyes seemed to warn me that we were not to part thus. And when a month afterward my door opened and Mr. Hargrave entered with his daughter on his arm, I felt no surprise at their appearance.

It was my task, this time, to paint a portrait of Miss Jessie Hargrave—a small one, which her father could take with him on his journey. "For I have changed my plan," he said. "I shall travel until I feel that the old house yonder may be lived in again, and Jessie will keep it home-like for me. She does not wish to leave it."

"I had rather live there than in any other place," said Jessie. "I can remember poor mamma better, I think, with things she has touched about me; but the doctors say papa must go. And *he* says I should be a trouble to him."

The beautiful eyes filled with tears that I longed to kiss away. And she turned hastily to a portfolio which lay open on the table. While my mother and Mr. Hargrave conversed I made my way across the room and stood beside her. And we looked over the pictures together, and I answered her questions and turned the sketches over for her.

At last we came to a child's drawing-book. A common thing, much dog-eared, and she picked it up.

"I wish you would not look at that," I said. "It is a school-boy's handiwork. Nothing more."

"Yours?" she said.

"Mine, years ago," I answered.

She smiled. "An artist's first attempts," she said; "I should value it, were I you." And she furled the leaves.

There were caricatures of the schoolmaster. A picture of our house-dog on his mat. No end of wagons, steam-engines, and ships. Two or three copies of lithographs, and, at last, a sketch from nature. The one I had been at work on when I saw the child upon the rails. It was half-finished and a blur was across it, for it had lain face downward on the grass, but Miss Hargrave looked at it eagerly.

"Ah," she cried, "that is a place I know! Is it not at ——, on the Hudson."

"Yes, that is my native place, Miss Hargrave," I said. She gave a little sigh.

"Papa," she said, "look, you remember?" and the father gazed upon the paper earnestly.

"My poor wife loved that place," he said. "Ah yes, yes, I remember!"

"And why did you not finish the sketch?" asked Jessie. "You can't value it as I do. May I have it?"

"Take the book," I said, "if you will so far honor it." But I did not tell her why the sketch was not finished.

The little book was in a pretty reticule she carried when she left me. And the next day she came to sit for me. Again I looked at will into the depths of those glorious eyes. Again I marked the delicate outline, the flower-like coloring, the billowy waves of dark-brown hair. She was, to my fancy, the loveliest thing on earth. And soon I knew I loved her. Much as one might love the dweller of some sphere above him—for I had no hope of a thought from her or any other woman. But very earnestly and truly. A glove that she had worn, a flower she had touched, were precious to me as holy relics to a devotee. And often, though I strove to banish them, thoughts of what might have been, had I been handsome as my brother Eben, or stalwart as my brother Samuel, would fill my mind and make me sit idly before my easel in a waking dream.

I said to myself, "When the picture is done I shall see her no more;" but though I knew this would be best for me, my heart gave a great leap of joy when I heard that she had taken a fancy to drawing-lessons, and that I had been chosen for her teacher.

"If you will do me the favor of taking a pupil," said the courtly father, never guessing that the request had given me a little glimpse of paradise.

"Could she learn something in a year? You think so? Then for a year you shall try to make an artist of my little girl, though I doubt her talent."

So matters stood when he went away; and so I gained the entrée of Jessie Hargrave's home. I gave her lessons. Twice a week I had the privilege of sitting beside her for an hour and guiding her pencil. They were the happiest moments that I knew, for I was then alone with her. But we saw each other often at other times. A grim old aunt presided over her home, but Jessie often came to mother for advice or comfort. She grew intimate with all the family, chatted with Eben and laughed with merry Sam, and saw every sketch I made at its beginning.

Whether I quite hid my love, or whether it sometimes was revealed by look or tone, I could not tell; but one thing troubled me. Sometimes, when she thought I did not see her, I caught her looking at me in the strangest way. The look she might have given one she had injured—a remorseful look. That, and nothing else.

By-and-by I began to fancy I had fathomed it.

My handsome brother Eben was often at her side. Always ready to walk with her and her little cousin Madge, who had come to live with her. Never tired of hearing them sing duets, and perpetually "running over" with a book or a rare flower, or on some excuse or other. So plainly a mere subterfuge that he blushed rosy red when he uttered it.

Eben liked Jessie—*loved* her, and she had found it out—found out also that I adored her, and feared in her gentleness to pain me.

She pitied me so, you see; I saw that, and it was hard to be pitied only, where I longed for love. She knew I could not awaken that love in any woman's heart; and because of that was kind to me.

Often, when we walked out together, she would leave the rest to keep by my side; and many a time I have seen tokens of her remembrance that I was different from the others in her sisterly watchfulness for my comfort. Yes, she loved Eben, and both were keeping the secret for my sake.

When I once felt sure of this, I said to myself: "Do not be selfish, Philip Falkland; prove to the kind brother and the sweet friend that you can be happy in their happiness: and I set to work to conquer my own heart. Vain attempt! The love I strove to smother was too strong.

But at least I could mask it; and rather than be a blight upon their pleasant interchange of talk and look I played a part; pretended to be surly; refused to join their walks; shut myself in my studio when they were all together in our little parlor, and hoped at least to make the handsome pair less tender of me. And I prayed earnestly, Heaven knows, that I might never feel angrily jealous of my brother; kind, quiet Eben, who would have cut his right hand off rather than do me harm.

Yet sadly jealous I must be; and once, when the spring days were growing bright, they had planned a quiet little picnic. Only mother, Madge, and Jessie, and my brothers, and four other young people the girls knew, and were full of merry talk about it, while I, refusing to join them, sat apart.

Jessie had looked troubled ever since I had given a crusty answer to her coaxing invitation. The others had begun to let me have my own way, and before they went she came to me again.

"If you don't like the place," she said, "or if it is too far for you, we will go somewhere else. Do come, Phil!"

And as she spoke her little hand touched my arm, and her dark curls dropped against my cheek. The touch thrilled me through. I trembled and grew pale; but I only answered:

"No; I shall be busy all day. Don't stop to think of me. Good-by!"

And I went to my easel and pretended to be at work. Alas! it was only pretense. For when they had gone out into the sweet spring sunshine I flung brush and pallet aside, and, lying prone upon my little scarlet-covered lounge, hid my face and wept—wept as a girl might, sobbing and moaning—for once, for the first and last time, giving vent to the emotions so long pent up within my breast.

The passionate storm was over at last, and I looked up to see Jessie standing in the door-way of my studio looking at me. Her hands were clasped, her face very pale.

When she saw me she advanced and knelt down beside the lounge. Of their own accord her little pearly hands took mine and held them.

"What is the matter, Philip?" she said. "Have we offended you? We have been so different of late to what we were that I have feared so."

I looked at her ashamed and troubled.

"Since you have seen me blubbering like a baby you might as well know the full extent of my childishness," I said. "It never happened before. It never shall again. But, for once, I longed to walk away beside you, as Eben and Sam can. The sweet air did it, or the sunshine. It's over now; and you have always been only too thoughtful of me. Go—they are waiting for you, Jessie."

"I am not going," she said. "And so it is *that*; and you suffer so in secret. Oh, Philip!"

She seemed to turn faint, and sat down on the chair near my easel, and leaned against it heavily.

"How you must hate the girl!" she said—"the child you saved upon the road. How you must wish she had never been born! Better for her to have died than this! Ah, you did not think I know of her! Your mother told me."

I arose and crossed the room. Even when I bent over her I could not see her face, but she trembled like an aspen leaf.

"Jessie," I said, "my thoughts of that innocent child are the happiest of my life. Hate her!—my good, kind Jessie! Why should I hate that child? I love her, rather, because I have suffered to do her some little good. I think of her sometimes as the woman she must have grown to be by this time, and think of her young beauty still unmarred—her young life full of joy, as I pray it may be, and say, 'God permitted me to save her.' Often since I knew you I have thought she may be like you—I have wished it could have been you— Jessie!—Jessie!!"

For she had started up and stood before me with clasped hands.

"I was afraid of this, Philip," she said. "Ah! you guessed the truth, and speak as you do to spare me. You know I—I, Jessie Hargrave—was the child you saved from death at such a cost. Better that I had lain there dead—better any thing than the purchase of life and strength at such a price. Look at me as you must feel—show me your aversion—shrink from me—bid me begone, for I have marred your life—I—I—I!"

She was sobbing fearfully, and I drew nearer and put my hand upon her shoulder.

"For God's sake, Jessie," I said, "don't speak so, lest you hear the truth! Hate you! Oh, Jessie, I never guessed that you had been the child, but from my heart I say, 'Thank Heaven for it!' At least I have done you some little good, my best, my— Leave me, Jessie—for Eben's sake, leave me!"

"For Eben's sake?" she cried. "Leave you for Eben's sake—what can you mean?"

"Foolish words," I said. "Dear friend—dear sister, forget them."

She turned her wet eyes full upon my face. Her fingers touched my arm and clung to it.

"Say it again, Philip," she said. "Tell me you never hated this wretched child—that you do not hate her now! I have striven so long to keep the secret lest you should. I have said, 'While he does not guess who I am he may like me a little still.' I have wept so much for the harm I have done my friend. Don't deceive me, Philip. Is it really true that you have not hated my memory?"

"It is true that I love you better than my soul!" I cried. "That you are all my world and half my heaven! Go, now; go—best, sweetest, dearest Jessie; and forget that Eben's brother ever spoke those words to you. Whatever happens, the memory of those moments passed beside you will be the sweetest of my life. Some day I can say 'sister' from my heart, for God will help me."

Her clinging fingers never left my arm.

"Eben again!" she said; "surely you do not think we love each other? He is betrothed to Madge. Did you not guess that?"

A great cloud seemed to have passed from the face of my sun. The world was bright again. At least no other claimed her. At least I had done no wrong in loving her. I looked into her eyes. I felt the touch of her hand. I breathed her very breath—sweet as new-mown hay!

"Jessie! Jessie!" I cried. "I scarcely dare to ask you for your love, and claim you for my very own. Oh were I strong and able to cherish and protect you! But now, I dare not; I dare not ask what it would be madness to hope for!"

Still, her fingers never stirred. Her eyes never left mine; and from her parted lips fell these sweet words:

"If you dare not ask for my heart, Phil, how dare I, a woman, tell you how long it has been yours without great shame?"

I caught her in my arms, but paused even then.

"Is this pity—the payment of a debt?" I asked. "Do you sacrifice nothing in giving yourself to a cripple who has only love to give you?"

And she answered: "It is not pity—it is not gratitude. It is pure love, and love is all it asks."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—The person who made the welkin ring writes to assure us he made it expressly for "the twelfth finger of the left hand but one."

Buttoning on a collar is cruel work for the nails when the linen is thick and sternly starched, and the button is large and closely sewn. But if you will give me some money I will tell you how to meet the difficulty. Dip the button-hole for ten seconds into water.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

"How the language of flowers is known," remarked A,
"Contrives my surmises to balk."
"Why, it's easy," said B, "what a flower would say
To discover—of course from its (s)talk."

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND.

HOW TO KNOW WHEN MEAT IS FRESH.—Keep it until it gets bad, and you will then learn exactly how fresh it was at first.

HOW TO GET A GOOD SERVANT.—Keep on discharging the bad ones till you meet with one that suits you.

HOW TO DISCOURAGE THE PERQUISITE SYSTEM.—Never buy any thing of any body.

What is the difference between a honey-moon and a honey-comb?—One is a great *sell*, and the other a lot of little *cells*.

MISSUS'S UMBRELLER.

SAWS BY OUR OWN SAWYER.

Empty tubs by the noise of their ring tell their state,
Empty heads by their wordy, dogmatical prate;
Empty jars are prepared any wares to receive,
Empty minds any folly or tale to believe;
Corn perks up its head when 'tis empty of grain,
And conceit makes the idle pragmatic and vain;
Empty houses are places for vermin to breed in,
Empty brains for suggestions of Satan to seed in;
Empty rooms are so cold that they give us a chill,
Empty hearts are so selfish they sympathy kill;
Empty sacks can not long stiff and upright remain,
Nor long undeservers their credit maintain.

ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.—Ascertaining the cost of a dinner-party.

When does a man sit down to a melancholy dessert?—When he sits down to wine and pine.

When a man and woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is *the one*. Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

The man who, on account of the high price of sugar, attempted to sweeten his coffee with his wife's smiles, has concluded to fall back on the "granulated juice of the cane."

Wrong! Of course you are, stupid! Egypt is not a Nile-land, but part of a continent.

ART OF LOVE.—A lady told her husband she read the "Art of Love" on purpose to be agreeable to him. "I would rather have love without art," replied he.

A boy, who displayed a long, dangling watch-chain, was asked:

"What's the time of day, Jim?"

The lad drew out his watch very ceremoniously, and after examining it for a while referred to another boy, and said:

"Is this the figure nine or the figure seven?"

He was told that it was the figure seven.

"Well, then," said the genius, "it lacks just about half an inch of eight."

I BELIEVE YOU, MY BOHEA!—It is stated that Chang's parents are engaged in the tea-trade. If so, the celebrated giant must be a remarkably fine specimen of their High-son.

SNUFF-TAKING.

What a moment, what a doubt!
All my nose is inside out—
All my thrilling, tickling caustic,
Pyramid rhinocerostic,
Wants to sneeze and can not do it!
How it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
How with rapturous torment fills me!
Now says, "Sneeze, you goose—get through it."
Shee—shee—Oh, 'tis most del-ishi—
Ishi—ishi—most delishi!
(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring!)
Snuff is a most delicious thing.

THE BITTER CUP.—How annoying it must be to a tee-totaler to have a bottle-nose!

IMPROMPTU.

I met a friend the other day,
Whose coat was rather O D.
When told, no wonder, you will say—
His pockets were quite M T.

A story is told of an inveterate drinker, who, after a great deal of solicitation, signed the temperance pledge, but soon after was noticed to imbibe as frequently as ever. To his friends, who remonstrated with him, he replied that the document which he had signed was illegal, and of no binding force, because it had upon it no internal revenue stamp.

What notes compose the most favorite tunes?—and how many tunes do they compose?—Bank-notes—they make for-tunes.

We observe a magazine article with the inviting title, "Under the Lash, by One who has been Flogged." Pleasant reading, if the announcement is to be read literally. We suppose it will be followed by "Under the Gallows, by One who has been Hanged."

CABINET CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a crazy oil-speculator like the Secretary of the Navy?—He is giddy on wells.

Why is a rebel pardon-seeker leaving the White House like an outward-bound steamer?—He is going Seward.

Why is an archbishop like the Secretary of War?—He regulates the canons.

Why is the Secretary of the Treasury like a weaver?—He can't do without a Spinner.

Why is the Postmaster-General like a girl at a boarding school?—He looks after the mails.

Said the lovely Julia to the bewitching Fanny:

"*Ma belle*, why is a new-born baby like a cow's tail?"

"I don't know. You know I never can guess a conundrum."

"Because it was never seen before."

Fanny fainted.

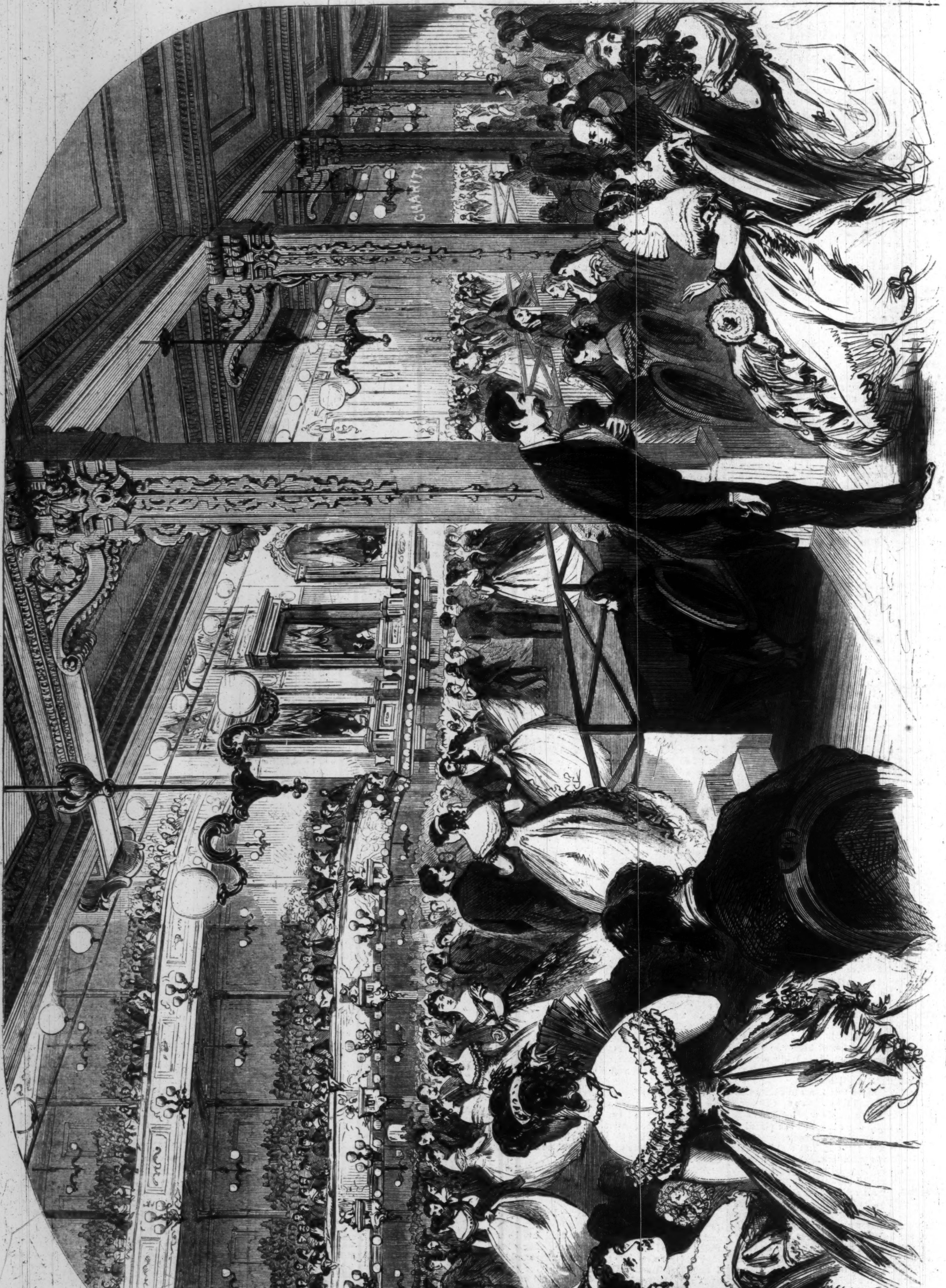
A CAPITAL R.—The clown's "Here we *are!*"

A lady wrote upon a window some verses, intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath—

The lady whose resolve these words betoken,
Wrote them on glass to show that it may be broken.

An elderly and good-natured spinster, on being rallied as to her "single blessedness," declared, "I never yet have lost heart, because I have always kept in constant remembrance the fact that Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she got married."

A NOTE THAT COULD NOT BE HEARD.—Many musical composers make use of A sharp and A flat; but the author of the "Marseillaise" introduced an A mute (*é-meute*). Which calls our attention to the fact that a philosophical member of the Anthropological Society says all the European races are descended from people who could not speak, or, as he designates them, "mutes." We shall consider the author of the theory in future as "our mute-ual friend." "But, I say," says Johnny, who always listens to instructive conversation like a good boy, as he is, "if the first people were all mutes, who were the undertakers—and who did they bury?"



THE GRAND CHARITY BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1866.—SKETCHED BY ARTHUR LUMLEY.—[SEE PAGE 83.]

LEAVING THE MATINEE.

DADDY DODD.

JOHN BEADLE was an honest man, with a large family and a small shop. It was not a hopeful circumstance in John's position that, while his family kept on enlarging, the shop obstinately maintained its contracted dimensions; that, while there seemed to be no bounds to the race of Beadle, the business which maintained them was strictly limited. John's shop was situated in one of the many by-streets, with no main thoroughfare among them, which constitute Somers Town; and it was devoted to the sale of coals and vegetables. As a householder, John, though in a small way of business, was a person of some importance, inasmuch as he was the sole lessee of an entire tenement. It was something to boast of in that neighborhood, but not much; for the roof which John called his own was a broken-backed roof, and covered only one floor besides the basement, which formed the emporium. The tenement seemed to be fast sinking into the earth. The impression of the beholder was that one story had already sunk, and that the others were rapidly following it; so that it seemed probable in a few years there would be nothing visible but the broken-backed roof lying flat on the spot, a monument of departed commerce in coals. Meantime, by the agency of two upright beams and one transverse one, the broken-backed roof was kept over the heads of John and his family.

John's family consisted of his wife Martha, seven children, and Martha's old father. All these, including the old man, who was past work, and utterly without any means of his own, were dependent upon the exertions of John, aided, when urgent family affairs would permit, by his wife. John's exertions were divided between chopping fire-wood, taking out hundreds (more frequently half-hundreds) of coals on a truck, and "moving." The occupation of "moving" may be described as going to houses about quarter-day, wrestling with chests of drawers, sofas, four-post bedsteads, and other heavy articles of furniture, and getting very little money, but a good deal of beer. If John had been a pelican of the wilderness he might have nourished his family upon beer for a week after a moving; but he was only a man, and could do little more than find them a bit of supper with the single shilling which was generally all his reward in available currency.

The door and the window of the shop being always open, the nature and extent of John's stock in trade were patent to the world. It consisted of about a ton of coals—which generally ran small—heaped up in a corner, a little pile of fire-wood, a few strings of onions, a few bunches of greens, a basket or two of potatoes, a box of red herrings, a bottle of peppermint-stick, alluringly displayed with some marrowless nuts and wizened apples on a board outside the window, and a bed-wrench. This last instrument was a wonderful auxiliary to John's other resources. While the two upright beams and the single transverse beam were the support of the emporium architecturally, the bed-wrench was the prop of the emporium commercially. It was a thing not to be bought, but borrowed; and the charge for the loan of that bed-wrench was twopence. Chaldron Street was given to borrowing, and it seemed to be a street which did not lie easy in its bed, for it was always taking its bed down and putting its bed up again, the result being that John's bed-wrench was in constant and urgent demand. Such has been the eagerness to secure the instrument, that two rival applicants have been known actually to wrench each other in the effort to possess it.

One half of John's shop was occupied by the stock, the other half formed the ordinary sitting-room. This latter room had a fire-place, surmounted by a mantle-shelf, on which stood several works of art in china; and its furniture consisted of two or three Windsor chairs, and a small round table. Little active domesticity was ever witnessed in this department except at the close of the day, when the family, coming from the coals, and the potatoes, and the fire-wood, made a rush at the little round table, and scrambled for herrings and thick bread-and-butter and tea. At such times old Daddy, Martha's superannuated father, was to be seen sitting in an arm-chair by the side of the fire, his bald head encircled by a glory of onions, and the coals rising on his right like a distant mountain range, put in as a back-ground to the picture. Those family banquets were sharp and short. All unnecessary conveniences of luxury, such as knives and forks, slop-basins and the like, were dispensed with. Each one, as he finished his cup of tea, turned round and threw the dregs upon the heap of coals, and, when he had finished picking his herring, turned the other way and flung the bones into the fire. After the meal, Mr. Beadle was accustomed to sit down opposite old Daddy, while Martha drew up between them, and devoted herself to the mending of the family linen; but, as the number of chairs was limited, the younger branches of the family usually reclined, in the classic fashion, among the coals, from contact with which they derived a swarthiness of complexion which caused them to be known in the neighborhood as the "black Beadles." John and Martha loved their offspring dearly, and would not have had any thing happen to one of them for the world; but they began to find that they were increasing both in numbers and in appetite in a ratio altogether disproportionate to the development of the trade in coals and vegetables, notwithstanding that the rolling stock had been increased by a new truck and a second bed-wrench. John's ambition had often taken a run at a horse and cart; but it had never been able to vault so high, and always fell back upon the truck and hurt itself in the region of its dignity. A truck is not a glorious kind of vehicle—especially a coal-truck. It is a vehicle that takes the pavement rather than the middle of the road, for choice, and although the thunder which it makes as it traverses the coal traps on the pavement is considerable, it is not a source of pride to its owner. Besides, it does not warrant the assumption of that sceptre of authority, a whip; and it is usually propelled by one of the human species. Well, it would never do if we all had the same ambition. While some persons aspire to rule their fellow-men, there are others who prefer to exercise authority over the brutes, in driving a horse and cart. This was John's case. A horse and cart, with a corresponding increase of business, and a drive down the road to the Jolly Butchers on Sunday afternoon, with the missus in all her best by his side, and the kids, with their faces washed behind, like a pen of clean little pigs—this had been the dream of John's life; but it was a dream that had not yet come true. Indeed, so far from this, John's prospects were becoming darker than brighter every day.

"What was to be done?"

This question, which had long suggested itself both to John and Martha, found audible expression one night, after the black Beadles had scampered away to their holes for the night. Old Daddy Dodd was sitting dozing in his chair by the side of the fire, and John and Martha were sitting opposite.

It was John who propounded the question:

"What was to be done?"

Martha made no audible reply; but, after a pause, raised her eyes to John's face, and then looked across significantly at Daddy.

John shook his head, and covered his face with his hand.

"I have no right to ask you to do it any longer, John," Martha said. "I had no right ever to expect you to do it."

"But it was my duty and my pleasure to do it, Martha," John replied. "He's your father, and I couldn't see the poor old man starve!"

"But he needn't *starve*, you know, John," Martha said; and her lips trembled as she said the words.

"I know what you mean," John returned; "but I can't bear the thoughts of it. It's not what ought to be, when he's had a house of his own, and drove his own chay, and paid rates and taxes, and every comfort."

"Well, it *is* hard, when you think of it," Martha replied, sadly; "and the drawing-room that we had, too, and the silver spoons, and the real china cups and saucers!" And at the thought of the china cups and saucers Martha dropped a tear.

"Yes, it is hard," John returned; "and that's why I have stood between him and *it* as long as I could."

"But you can't stand between him and *it* any longer, John, and I mustn't ask you to; it's not fair to you, John, and you sha'n't be burdened with him any longer."

Poor old Daddy was sitting dozing in his chair, blissfully unconscious of these deliberations, of which he was the subject. In his time Daddy had been in a good, though small way of business, in the carpentering line, combined with a little undertaking (which he undertook in his overtime, to oblige friends), and he had brought up a large family decently; but his sons, who might have been a help to him in his declining years, emigrated, and died in foreign parts; and when the infirmities of age began to creep upon the old man, and he was no longer able to work with his own hands, he disposed of his business at an alarming sacrifice, and retired to live on his means. His means were small, but his remaining years were few; and, proceeding on his philosophical calculation, Daddy lived upon the principal instead of the interest (which he could not have lived upon at all), and lived longer than he calculated. Although Daddy disposed of his business, and let the carpenter's shop, he still continued to occupy the dwelling-house of which it formed a part, and this led many to believe that the old carpenter was pretty well off. His daughter Martha shared in this impression, and was rather disposed to boast of the independent gentleman, her father, and cherish expectations of an inheritance.

One day, about two years after Martha had been married to John Beadle, and shortly after she had prodigally presented John with the second pledge of her affection, old Daddy arrived at the emporium, suffused with smiles. Martha thought he was going to present baby with the silver spoons. When the old man had settled himself in a chair, and recovered his breath, he said, with a pleasant chuckle,

"I've got something to tell you, Martha."

"What is it, father?"

"Well, Martha, I've been looking in the top drawer, and—and—"

"Yes, father, yes," said Martha, eagerly, making quite sure now that baby was to have the spoons.

"I've been looking in the top drawer," the old man repeated, "and—and—"

"The spoons," Martha suggested, as dutifully helping her poor old father in a difficulty.

"No, not the spoons, Martha," he said—"the money."

"What about the money, father?"

"It's all gone, Martha!"

"All gone! The money you've got to live upon, father!" cried Martha, hysterically—"all gone?"

"Every farden," said the old man.

Martha could not believe it. She gave baby to a neighbor to mind, and insisted upon the old man going back with her to his lodging immediately. He gave her the key, and she tore open the top drawer in a frantic way. She seized the canvas bag in which the old man kept his money (for he had an unconquerable distrust of banks), and plunged her hand into it. She could feel nothing like coin. She turned the bag inside out and shook it—nothing fell out of it. She rummaged among the useless odds and ends in the drawer, and not a farthing could she find. Suddenly she paused, and said:

"You've been robbed, father. Somebody's been at the drawer."

"No, no, my dear, you mustn't say that; nobody's been at the drawer but me. I've spent it all. There wasn't much of it—only eighty pounds altogether, and it wouldn't last forever. It's me that's lived too long, Martha;" and the old man sat down in a chair, and began to whimper and weep.

Martha could only sit down and weep too. She was overwhelmed by the thought of her father's destitution, and the prospect which lay before him, in his weak old age. His money was all gone, and his few sticks of furniture, with the silver spoons, which were the only portion of his plate which remained, would scarcely realize enough to bury him.

This was sad news to tell John when he came in (from a moving job) to his dinner. Martha, by way of breaking it gently to him, hysterically shrieked out the tidings at the top of her voice, as John was coming in at the door.

"Oh, John, father's money's all gone!" she cried.

Seeing that Martha was in a dreadful state of excitement about the matter, John, with a proper appreciation of artistic contrast, took the unwelcome announcement coolly.

"Well," he said, "in that case *we* must keep him. He has nobody else to look to."

And so one day John went over to Daddy's house, sent for a broker, and disposed of all the things except the old man's bed, which he dispatched by the truck to the emporium. That done, he locked the door, sent the key to the landlord, and taking the old man by the hand, led him to the shelter of the broken-backed roof. Putting him into the old arm-chair by the fire, and patting him kindly on his bald head, he said:

"There, Daddy, consider yourself at home—provided for for the rest of your life."

So it happened that John and Martha were burdened with old Daddy Dodd, in addition to their own numerous offspring. And Daddy *was* a burden, though neither John nor Martha ever said so, even to each other. He was an expensive old man, for though he did not eat much, and was well content to share a bedroom with the boys, he had, considering his circumstances, an unreasonable passion for snuff; and a glass of "six ale," punctually every morning at eleven o'clock, was absolutely necessary to his existence. The glass of six ale he *would* have, and he would have it nowhere but in the public house, standing at the pewter bar, according to a custom which he had most religiously observed for more than forty years. One of the inconveniences of this requirement was that the old man had to be provided every morning with three-halfpence, in current coin of the realm; and another, which followed in the course of time, when the old man became decrepit and feeble—was that some one had to take him to the particular public house on which alone he would bestow his patronage (half a mile distant), and bring him back again.

Still no word of complaint escaped either John or Martha, until their family increased to that extent when every half-penny became, as Martha said, an "object." The crisis arrived that night, when John, in general but significant terms, asked his good wife what was to be done.

"It is not fair to you, John," Martha said, "and you sha'n't be burdened with him any longer." And, while the old man sat dozing in his chair, all unconscious, it was resolved between them, after a hard struggle on John's part and many silent tears on Martha's part, that John should next day put old Daddy into the work-house. The resolution was taken, and the old man slept on. Neither John nor Martha had the courage to wake him. They were afraid that he might read their terrible intentions toward him in their guilty faces. "I can not do it, Martha," John said; and he made an excuse to go out of doors to smoke his pipe. Martha could not do it either, and sat waiting for the old man to wake, and presently he woke and called for her. She had withdrawn into the shade, and he could not see her with his dim old eyes.

"Martha," he said, "where are you? Come here and let me tell you what I've been dreaming about. Such a pleasant dream, my dear, about the old days when you was all at home! I thought I saw you all round the table eating your Christmas dinners; and there was turkey and plum-pudding and all the nice things that we used to have, you know; and then I dreamed that I was taking you to the boarding-school, where you was for a twelvemonth, you know; and—and, as we was driving down the Edgeware road in the chaise, John came up and wanted to borrow five pounds, just as he used to do, you know, and—and I lent it him, just as I used to do, and—and—but what's the matter with you, Martha? you're not crying, surely?"

Poor old man, he little knew what thorns he was planting in his daughter's breast. She *was* crying, but she hid her tears, and said kindly it was time for him to go to bed.

So, taking him by the hand, and leading him to his room, she put him to bed and tucked him up like a child.

When Martha went down stairs again John was timidly peeping in at the door.

"Have you put him to bed, Martha?" he inquired.

"Yes, John."

"Do you think he suspected any thing?"

"Oh no, poor old dear!"

"No, of course not, Martha," John said, "he would never dream that we could be such monsters—but did he say any thing?"

"Yes, he said, 'God bless you, Martha, and God bless John, for all your kindness.'"

John, whose heart was much too big for his other faculties, withdrew his head from the door, and vented his smitten feelings in a howl.

John and Martha crawled up to bed that night with the sense of a premeditated crime weighing upon their souls. As they passed the room where the old man lay they turned away their faces.

Next morning Martha dressed her old baby in his best clothes, crying over him all the while, and hiding her tears as best she could. Daddy wanted to know if it was Sunday, that they were putting on his best things, and Martha could not answer. Every innocent word he uttered was a reproach to her. She could not look at him at breakfast-time, neither could John.

When breakfast was over, John said to the old man, in as cheerful a tone as he could command,

"Grandfather, I'm going to take you for a walk."

"That's kind of you, John," said the old man, "very kind."

"Well, come along, grandfather; here's your hat and stick."

"I'm ready, John, quite ready. Eh? bless me, what's the matter now, my dear?"

Martha had her arms round his neck, kissing him.

"Good-by, father," she said, through her sobs, "Good-by."

She had resolved not to say it, but she couldn't help it.

"Tut, tut, my dear," said the old man, "we are not going far. Are we, John?"

"No, grandfather, not very far."

"And we'll come back soon, won't we, John?"

"Oh yes, grandfather," John said; and the words almost choked him.

Martha whispered to the children to go and shake hands with their grandfather; and wondering what this unusual ceremony meant, they did as they were told, quietly and silently.

The old man was as much puzzled as the children, and wanted to know if it was a birthday. John could not answer him; his heart was full and his utterance choked. Without another word he took the old man by the hand, and led him from the house; and Martha stood in the doorway, surrounded by the children, looking after them sadly through her tears. It was barely a quarter of a mile to the work-house, but it was a long journey for Daddy, who was getting very frail now. He dropped his stick very often, and John had to stoop and pick it up for him, and there were dangerous crossings to pass, where it was necessary for John to signal to drivers of vehicles to draw up and slacken speed until he carried the old man safely over to the other side of the road. Poor old Daddy, going to the work-house, was highly honored that day. The stream of traffic staid its current and diverted its course to let him pass. It could not have done more for the Lord Mayor. At length John, leading his unconscious charge by the hand, arrived in front of the work-house gates. At the sight of the gloomy portal and the high black wall, which shuts in life and shuts out hope, his resolution began to fail him. He stopped and hesitated.

"Grandfather," he said, "it's about time for your glass of ale, ain't it?"

"Well, yes, John, I think it's getting on that way," said the old man, in a cheery tone.

"Will you take it here?" John asked.

"Is this the Nag's Head?" the old man inquired.

The Nag's Head was the house which he had "used" for forty years.

"No, grandfather," John said; "this is not the Nag's Head; but they keep a good glass of ale here."

"Well, just as you like," Daddy assented.

So John took the old man into a public house opposite the work-house gates, and gave him the usual three-halfpence; for it was Daddy's pride always to pay for his liquor with his own hand. While Daddy was sipping his ale John tossed off a couple of glasses of spirits; he was trying to screw his failing courage to the point. When the old man had finished his glass John took him once more by the hand, and hurriedly led him across the road. He was at the gate, hesitating, with a full heart, looking through a mist of tears at the handle of the work-house bell, inviting only the clutch of despair, when the old man looked up in his face and said:

"John!"

"Yes, grandfather."

"Ain't this the work-house?"

Daddy's look, his intimation that he knew where he was, the thought that he suspected his design, struck John to the heart; and he hurried the old man away from the gate.

"The work-house, grandfather, no, no!" John said; "what made you think of that? Come, come away, come away; we're going home, grandfather, going home as fast as we can."

John was so anxious to drag Daddy away from the spot that he fairly lifted him off his legs and carried him across the road. In his excitement and haste he quite forgot Daddy's feebleness, and hurried him along at such a rate that the old man lost his breath, and was nearly falling. It was not until a street had been put between them and the work-house that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy to recover himself. After that he led him gently back to the emporium, took him in, and replaced him in his old chair by the fireside.

"I couldn't do it, Martha," he said; "my hand was on the bell, when he looked up at me and spoke to me; and his look, and what he said, struck me to the heart. I couldn't do it. I felt as if I was going to murder the poor old man. It's worse than murder, Martha, to put a fellow-creature in yonder; it's burying him alive!"

"But, John—"

"I say it shall never be done by me, Martha," John interposed, sternly. "We must do the best we can for him, and strive to the last to save him and ourselves from that disgrace."

An interchange of looks sealed the compact between them—that Daddy was to have a home with them while they had a roof to call their own, and a loaf of bread to share with him.

Old Daddy had not only been a considerable expense to John and Martha, but during the winter months he had been much in the way. He was always pottering about in the shop, which being also the sitting-room, did not afford much scope for business and domesticity combined. But now the fine days were coming, and Daddy would be able to spend a good deal of his time out of doors. So, when the fine days came, little Benjy, John's youngest but two, who was not old enough to be of any assistance in the business, was appointed to the sole and undivided duty of minding grandfather, and taking him for walks, when it was convenient to get him out of the way. Little Benjy, a little, large-headed, wise-looking boy of six years, was Daddy's

especial pet and favorite; or, perhaps, it might have been said, so much more responsible a person was Benjy, that Daddy was *his* pet and favorite. Be that as it would, they loved each other, and on fine days, when the sun shone, it was their delight to wander hand in hand among the neighboring streets, prattling together like two children, and gazing in, with child-like wonder, at the pretty things in the shop windows. The people round about called them the Babes in the Wood, and old Daddy was certainly as much a babe as Benjy. He took the same interest in the contents of the toy-shops, and sighed as deeply as Benjy sighed to think that his youthful guardian could not become the possessor of a much-coveted toy-gun (with a pink stock), which went off with a spiral spring. In their wanderings, day by day, the Babes saw many strange things, and studied the wonders of Somers Town with the deepest interest. It was their special delight to stand before any open door or window which afforded them a view of a process of manufacture. They stood on gratings and listened to the rattle of sausage-machines "that went by steam," Benjy informed his charge and pupil, who was not very well up in the modern arts and sciences; they gazed at the little men in shirt-sleeves and flat caps, who turned a miniature coffee-mill under a glass case at the grocer's—such industrious little men, who always kept on grinding whether their master was in the shop or not, and never seemed to go home to their meals. They superintended the lowering of barrels into public house cellars, learning the mysteries of the inclined plane, and speculating as to whether the barrels contained the particular kind of six ale which grandfather liked; they watched the making of shoes and the turning of wood, and were sometimes observed to be much absorbed in the flaying of sheep, a process which had a deep abstract interest for Benjy, while it set Daddy babbling about the delights—to him now purely visionary—of a boiled leg of mutton and caper sauce.

In these wanderings Benjy was careful not to release his hold of Daddy's hand, for he was particularly enjoined never to leave him for a moment, and whatever he did not to let him tumble down. One muddy day Benjy *did* let Daddy tumble, and a sad state of mind he was in for fear his mother should find it out. He did his best with his little cotton pocket-handkerchief to efface all traces of mud from Daddy's trowsers; but he was afraid lest the old man might "tell on him." Not that there was any want of loyalty between them, but Daddy was getting so garrulous that he sometimes, quite unintentionally, let out things which got Benjy into trouble; so, when any thing happened, Benjy was obliged to remind grandfather that he was not to tell.

"You won't tell mother that I let you fall in the mud, will you, grandfather?" he would say, as they bent their steps homeward.

"Oh no, Benjy," the old man protested. "I—I sha'n't say a word about it."

At first, before complete confidence had been established between them, Benjy sought on one occasion to purchase his grandfather's silence with a penny (which he did not at that moment possess, but expected to have some day), but he had come to know now that the bond of love between them was strong enough to sustain their mutual devotion, except when it was occasionally loosened by an inadvertence, or a lapse of memory, which, in Daddy's case, was beyond the power of either love or money to control. Going home in the summer evenings, after their rambles, Daddy and Benjy had deeply interesting tales to tell the family of the wonders of the great world of Somers Town.

Alas, that those relations should so often have fallen upon indifferent ears! But John and Martha were becoming sullen and moody, a prey both of them to the deepest anxiety. The family was still increasing, but the business continued to resist all efforts in the direction of development. John was getting into debt at the coal wharf, and at the potato warehouse. The times were hard, and were coming on harder with the approach of winter. Coals were at eighteen-pence a hundred, potatoes at a penny a pound. The poor people couldn't pay the price. Poor women came for a few pounds of coal and took them away in their aprons. There was scarcely any use for the truck. When coals were so dear and fires so small, Chaldron Street was a good deal given to warm itself in its bed, which thus became a permanent institution. The consequence to John was that his bed-wrench rusted in idleness, and in view of the oxyd which accumulated upon it, it might be said to have been engaged in the disastrous occupation of eating its head off. The fortunes of the emporium were at a very low ebb; John and Martha could scarcely provide bare food for the family. The black Beadles, clamoring for victuals, and not finding satisfaction at the little round table, passed like a cloud of locusts over the stock in the shop, and making short work of the carrots, attacked even the cabbage-leaves and the turnip-tops. John and Martha were denying themselves day after day, that the old man might have a bit of something nice and nourishing. But things were coming to a crisis now. The coal-merchant, the potato-merchant, and the landlord, all three threatened process, and John was in hourly expectation of an execution. All his striving had been of no avail to save "him and them from that disgrace." It must come now. Nothing could avert it.

One afternoon John was sitting on a stool, on the site of the mountain of coal, which had been removed to the last shovelful of dust (and, alas! the capitalist at the wharf had not the faith to replace it), utterly dejected and dispirited. It was a terrible trial for a strong man with a stout heart and a vigorous will to be thus beaten down and trampled under the feet of a cruel and relentless Fortune, whom he had wooed with all his art, and wrestled with all his strength. Poor John had received so many heavy falls that the spirit was almost crushed out of him. When he looked up and saw a strange man darkening his door he felt that the last blow was about to be struck.

"Come in," he said; "don't stand upon any ceremony, I beg; I'm quite prepared for you."

"Are you?" said the man, curiously.

"Yes, I am," John replied. "I know your errand as well as you do yourself."

"Do you?" said the man, in the same tone.

"Do you come here to mock me?" cried John, angrily, rising and facing the intruder; "to mock me as well as ruin me."

"Mock you?" said the man.

"Yes, mock me," John repeated, in the same angry tone.

"I did not come here to mock you; far from it," the man returned. "In fact, my business is not with you at all. I came to see Mr. Dodd, who was an old neighbor of mine."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said John. "You'll excuse me, I hope; but we are in great distress, and I expected nothing but bad news."

"If I am not mistaken," said the stranger, "it is good news I bring you. You are Mr. Dodd's son-in-law, are you not?"

"I am, Sir, and I wish I were a richer son-in-law for his sake," John replied.

"Perhaps there will be no need for that, *for his sake*," the stranger returned.

"What do you mean?" John asked.

"Well, just this," said the stranger. "A few days ago I noticed an advertisement in the paper addressed to Daniel Dodd, informing him that, if he applied to Mr. Johnson, solicitor, in Bedford Row, he would hear of something to his advantage. Now, thinking that the Daniel Dodd wanted might be my old neighbor, and knowing Mr. Johnson, of Bedford Row, I called upon that gentleman and learned that the person wanted *is* Daniel Dodd, my old neighbor, and that under the will of his brother George, who died some time ago in India, he is entitled to—"

"Hold hard, Sir," said John, grasping the stranger by the arm, and staring at him with fixed eyes. "You're not having a lark, a cruel lark with us, are you?"

"God forbid," said the stranger, gravely.

"And answer me another thing, Sir," John continued, in the same excited way. "You're not out of your mind, are you?"

"Certainly not," returned the man.

"Very well," said John; "you may go on."

"I was going to say," the stranger continued, "that under the will of his deceased brother George, who died some time ago in India, Daniel Dodd is entitled to five thousand pounds."

"Martha!" cried John to his wife, who was up stairs cleaning the rooms.

"Yes, John. What is it?"

"Father's money's come back again! Father's money's come back again! Father's money's come back again!" And he shouted it over and over again up the stairs, and slapped the balusters every time to give it emphasis.

"Are you gone mad, John?" was Martha's reply, when she was allowed to speak.

"You see, Sir," said John to his visitor; "she thinks I must be mad; no wonder if I thought *you* were mad. But here's Daddy; he knows you, I dare say, and you can tell him; he often talked about his brother George who went to India; but I thought he had been dead long ago."

At that moment Daddy came in from one of his walks with Benjy, and was told of his fortune.

"Dear me," he said, sinking into his chair, "brother George is dead! Poor boy, poor boy!"

The poor boy had died at the good old age of threescore and ten, but Daddy still thought of him as the lad in the blue jacket from whom he had parted at Wapping when they were boys.

Not without many difficulties, long delay, and considerable cost, Daddy's claim to the five thousand pounds was established. John gave all his time—utterly neglecting the emporium—to the prosecution of the matter, and, oddly enough, in wooing Fortune in this most audacious and presumptuous manner, he proved successful; though, previously, when he had humbled himself in the dirt to implore her for a single smile, she had contemptuously passed onward, bespattering him with mud from her chariot-wheels. And one day John, knowing Daddy's weakness, brought home the five thousand pounds all in notes in the very canvas bag which had been the old man's bank in the days when he was well to do.

"There, father," said Martha, "putting the bag in his hand. And now what will you do with it?"

"What will I do with it?" said the old man. "I'll—I'll keep my promise to Benjy, and buy him that gun!"

"But there's more than will buy the gun, father."

"You don't mean that, Martha?" said the old man.

"Oh yes, father, a heap more."

"Then," said Daddy, "I'll give the rest to John to buy a horse and cart."

"But there's more even than that, father; ever so much more."

"Oh, well, you just keep that for yourself, Martha, for taking care of your old father."

And Daddy, with no elaborate design, but with the simple innocence of a child, which is sometimes wiser than the astute provisions of law, saved the dangerous formalities of will-making and the charges for legacy duty, by handing to his daughter Martha the bag containing all his money.

Before John even thought of his horse and cart—though that was lurking in a corner of his mind—he regained the tenancy of Daddy's old house, furnished it with as many of the old sticks as he could recover from the brokers' shops, with many splendid new ones besides for the drawing-room, and, when all was done, led Daddy back to his old quarters, and joined him there with Martha and all the family.

But dotage had been coming upon poor old Daddy, and he could scarcely be made to understand the change which had taken place in his position. He came at last to fancy that it was a dream, and sitting by the fireside of an evening, and recognizing his old room peopled with the faces of John and Martha and their children, he would tell his daughter to wake him up by-and-by.

And so he went on dreaming, until one winter's night he woke up in a land where there was no more going to sleep.

And the days of John and Martha are likely to be long and prosperous, for they honored their old father in his age and need, and the bread which they cast upon the waters has come back to them with a blessing.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

GENTLE reader, if a fit of the "blues" comes over you some day, and you think God and the world have dealt hardly with you, take a trip to the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. It will quicken your sympathies and do you good.

Step into the Eighth Avenue cars, and ride up as far as they go—to Manhattanville. Do not be impatient if you have to wait a little here. Take a seat in the shelter car; or, if it is cold, there is a neat room near by where you are welcome to warm your toes while you watch for the omnibus from Harlem. It soon comes, a dingy little coach closely packed; but never mind, here is half a seat vacant, and there will not be much room for the cold to enter.

A drive through Carmansville would undoubtedly be delightful in summer as the street is lined with many trees, whose bare branches at this season stretch themselves shiveringly toward the sky. And while you are striving to imagine the change June will bring, the coach stops at the entrance gate of the grounds of the Institution, on Washington Heights, and a short walk brings you to the building itself.

It happened to be on a Monday when we visited the Institution; but every nook and corner was as scrupulously neat as if Monday were not the authorized scrubbing day throughout Christendom. We passed into some of the class-rooms. Intelligent looking lads and misses were solving questions in arithmetic at the blackboard. The teachers, a gentleman and a lady, were both mutes; but it was wonderful to see the ease and grace with which they communicated ideas and the readiness with which their pupils received them.

In another room was a class of older pupils, under the instruction of Mr. Peet, the gentlemanly superintendent. Their morning lesson, passages learned from the Bible, had been written by them on the blackboards. One young man had written the texts in French, and was said to be able also to write in Latin.

One exercise was of a very novel and interesting character. We had noticed a *drum* on the table, and wondered what use it could serve in such an institution. At a sign from their teacher several pupils turned to the blackboard, standing so that they could not see him. He asked us to mention some word; and then he slowly spelled that word by short beats on the drum, using the same symbols for each letter as are used by the operators on the electric telegraph. Though the pupils heard not, some wonderful sensation gave them information, and they wrote each letter as it was indicated by the drum. Similar exercises were repeated several times, and seemed the more strange since the experiment was tried for the first time only five days before.

Our party having been introduced to the class, some of the young ladies wrote a graceful welcome, showing at once ready thought and quick appreciation of ideas.

About four hundred gathered at the dinner-tables—from six years old and upward. What a confusion of sounds! Yet no word. A sudden silence; but there is no bowed head, only an earnest turning of every eye to the superintendent, while, in the expressive language of signs, he invoked a blessing. Then a clatter of knives and plates—they unconsciously making more noise than would four hundred talkers. The dinner is plain, yet substantial, and evidently well prepared.

We take our leave marveling at the intelligence and quickness—the grace of expression and motion—the cheerfulness and happiness which characterize those deaf mutes, who, though *un*fortunate, are yet *fortunate* in the education they receive in that institution.

The opening of a new hotel in the Central Park will be a matter of much interest to many who seek recreation in that vicinity. It has long been the design of the Commissioners to erect a spacious hotel within the limits of the Park. Instead, however, they have repaired and remodeled a cluster of buildings opposite One Hundredth Street, recently occupied by the Sisters of Charity, and known as "St. Vincent's." The older parts of this series of buildings are full of historic interest. It stood before the Revolution and was known as the M'Gowan House. It was occupied by the British officers when they held possession of the city; and when the British evacuated New York, General Washington made that house his head-quarters. The hotel is tastefully fitted up, and offers entertainment for "man and beast" in the daytime. No lodgings are to be furnished or allowed in the building. Early breakfasts, with the fruits of the season, with dinners and late suppers, and refreshments at all hours are to be provided. An elegant parlor for the reception of ladies is prepared, and the Commissioners have omitted nothing that taste and talent can desire to secure the comfort of visitors. The house is under the charge of Messrs. Stetson and Radford, who have kept the Casino since it was opened. Early risers and early riders, as well as others, will find a warm welcome and tempting viands at the St. Vincent.

The following hints for the restoration of frozen limbs are given on medical authority:

Do not beat the frost-bitten limb; do not put it into warm water. The water used should be cold, and of about the temperature of thirty-two degrees. Some persons are in the habit of rubbing the frozen or benumbed flesh with snow. The danger is that this will be too cold. If used at all it should be when the air is not excessively cold, or in a room in which the temperature is moderate.

The old proverb, "He who would thrive must rise at five," is constantly sounded in the ears of sleepy morning nappers. There seems, however, to be more rhyme than reason in it; for if

> He who would thrive must rise at five,

it must follow, naturally,

> He who'd thrive more must rise at four;

and it will insure a consequence that

> He who'd still more thriving be
> Must leave his bed at turn of three;
> And who this latter would outdo
> Will rouse him at the stroke of two.

And, by way of climax to it all, it should be held good that

> He who'd never be outdone
> Must ever rise as soon as one.

But the best illustration would be—

> He who'd flourish best of all
> Should never go to bed at all.

The following advertisement cut from a popular London gazette, gives the answer to a question often asked nowadays, "Where do all the waterfalls come from?"

CHIGNONS! CHIGNONS! CHIGNONS! For Sale, by Order of Government, several cwt. of HAIR cut from the HEADS OF FEMALE CONVICTS in conformity with the Regulations established in Her Majesty's Jails throughout the United Kingdom. In Lots, of every description of color. The attention of PERRUQUIER'S, PERFUMERS, and others is invited to this opportunity of securing an adequate Supply of Material for the manufacture of CHIGNONS of every Shade and Hue. A Liberal Allowance will be made to PURCHASERS on taking a QUANTITY.—N.B. The whole of the HAIR, representing the average COUNTY CROP of the United Kingdom, has been carefully subjected to a DISINFECTING PROCESS and exposed to a temperature of 212° Fahrenheit.

As the veracity of this advertisement may be questioned, we mention that the gazette in which it appears is one of the most reliable in London, and is published at "Punch Office, 85 Fleet Street," where further inquiry can be made if desired.

At this season of the year a good many novelties in the way of fashion come from London and Paris. Among the new styles of materials for dresses it is said that black and gold colored silk will be very generally worn during the winter months, for ordinary afternoon wear; the yellow, or rather pale orange stripe, being narrow, consequently the color is not the least conspicuous. The dresses are trimmed with black silk and with narrow silk braid, which matches the gold stripe, sewn on half an inch from the edge of the black silk bands. The *revers* for the front of the bodice are made with the black silk and narrow braid; a band of the same is placed round the epaulet and cuff of the coat-shaped sleeve, and a waistband is likewise formed with the same materials. As a fact worth mentioning, it should be observed that wide waistbands are going out of fashion, and that, besides being made considerably narrower, they are now fastened at the left side of the waist with a rosette, but without ends.

As collars are worn large and pointed in front, and decreasing to infinitesimal dimensions at the back, many young ladies are wearing loops and long streamers of narrow ribbon at the back of their dresses. These ribbons are stitched to the top of the bodice in the centre of the back, the loops hang downward, and the streamers, although narrow, are a yard and a quarter in length, consequently fall far below the waist. The ribbon should match either the dress or the trimming; thus with the black-and-gold striped dresses it would be either black velvet, or silk with gold-colored silk edges.

Sashes with wide ends are very much worn at present with dressy outdoor toilets, and likewise with evening toilets. They have usually three ends to them, and the richest are made of velvet. Imagine three square ends, longer at the back than the front, studded with either jet or steel beads, and finished off with two lace flounces; this, made in either black or cerise velvet, enlivens admirably an evening dress which has lost somewhat of its freshness. These wide sashes are now always fastened on to a small velvet corselet studded with beads to match. Sashes made of silk are cut with pointed ends, and finished off at the points with gold tassels, beads, or fringe.

Many very handsome and novel mantles for evening wear have lately made their appearance; they are trimmed with loops and ends of ribbon, arranged much in the same style as those worn out of doors, only the ribbons are wider, and consist of white moire embroidered with gold.

The official receptions at the Tuileries on the first days of the new year were conducted with the usual magnificence; the court mourning being partially laid aside. There were some striking toilets. A young Belgian lady, who was presented, wore a train of white *crêpe lisse* puffed all over, and in the hollow between every puffing a black velvet chrysanthemum. This train was fastened on a *crêpe lisse* dress, cut in the *Princesse* form, and trimmed all down the centre of the front with bouquets of chrysanthemums instead of with large buttons, as is usual with that style of dress. The head-dress was composed of a *bandeau* of chrysanthemums, and of a pearl and amethyst comb. This toilet was considered to be in most exquisite taste. A white *faille* train, worn by a beautiful German Countess, was studded all over with bees represented in violet velvet and gold, and was fastened at the shoulders with gold cord and violet chenille tassels. Other trains were ornamented with wide sashes having three or four ends, and these sashes had a very good effect, as they trimmed the centre of the train.

At a Christmas-eve party which was given at the Tuileries, and to which only the most intimate among the Court circle were invited, the Empress wore a most charming toilet. It consisted of white tulle, with sprays of foliage made of different shades of green velvet ornamenting the skirt, and tufts of white narcissus the bodice. The head-dress was formed with a coronet of white narcissi, and round the throat her Majesty wore a magnificent pearl necklet. The Queen of Portugal also wore white; a white satin dress, with a tulle tunic, and over the tulle a coat-tail basque, made of white satin trimmed with lace; a jet gimp heading the lace. A diamond and emerald comb in the hair, and a diamond necklace round the throat.

A curious custom is kept up among the Saxon peasantry in some parts of England. On the morning of their marriage the bride sends her betrothed a shirt of her own making. The whole of the bosom is cunningly embroidered in the form of the carnation and the rose; also ears of corn are represented; the ruffles, too, are composed of a delicate sort of lace-work. This garment is kept the whole life long—"it is worn at the first marriage festival, and again put on when death comes to summon the old gray-headed man to be wedded to eternity."

DR. BARTH, THE AFRICAN TRAVELER.

DR. HEINRICH BARTH, the great and successful explorer of Northern and Central Africa, is so well known by his travels to the whole civilized world that we can not pass in silence over his premature death, which occurred in Berlin on the 25th of November last. His great work, although so large as not to have been read as extensively as one a third as large would have been, is the best portrait of his character; showing alike his modesty, good sense, courage, confidence, and learning. Germany has sent out some of the best, if not the very best, equipped travelers of modern times. It would be hard to find names which in this respect can stand before NIEBUHR, FORSTER, SEETZEN, BURCKHARDT, RUSSEGER, RUPPELL, HUMBOLDT, ZOBLER, LEICHARDT, and BARTH. Among these the last-named is admitted as *par inter fratres*; and although snatched away without warning at the age of only forty-five years, he has lived long enough to see his name among the foremost of living geographers, as well as to have completed two great enterprises—the scientific examination of the whole Mediterranean Basin, as well as the exploration of Northern and Northern Central Africa, doing in both cases a work which had been accomplished by no predecessor.

His first great work is much less familiarly known among us than the second, and for this reason I may allude more fully to it, as, after all, it was the natural goal of all his earlier years. Barth's career may be divided into two sections, one of which was completed, the other of which was left incomplete. The goal of his youth was to examine the Mediterranean Basin, the geographical mother, as he thought, of all civilization. The goal of his later years was to prepare a grammar of the North African languages, a work for which his philological attainments eminently fitted him. This work has been left incomplete, and I know not who can walk in his footsteps and bring it to a conclusion.

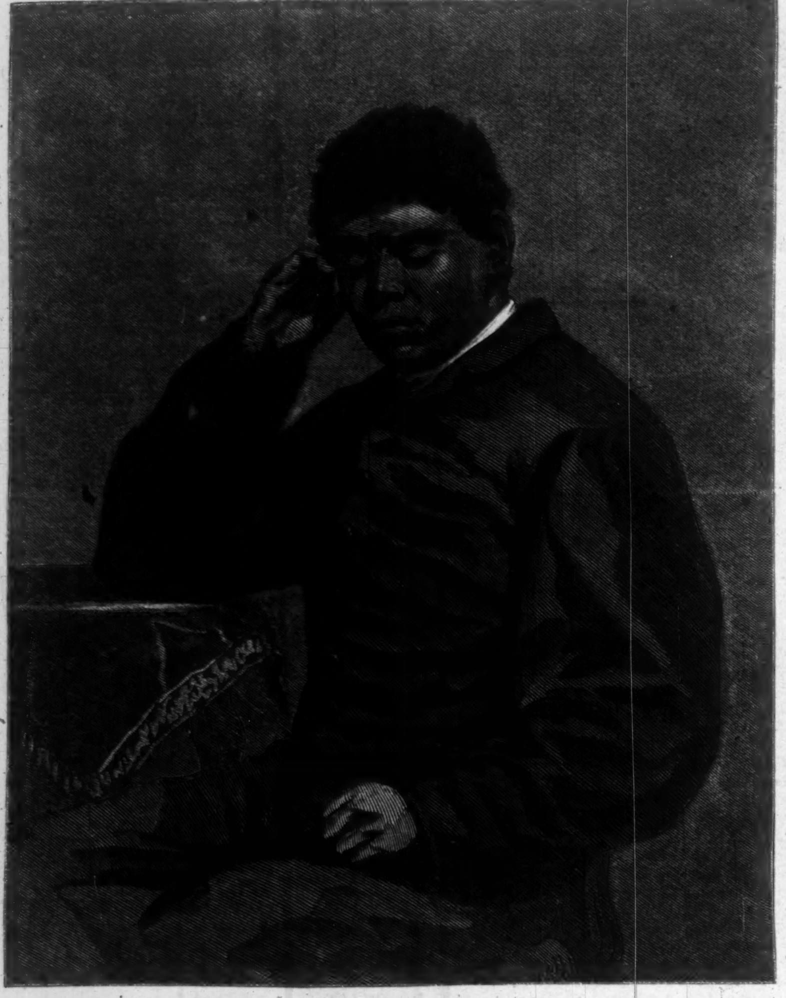
The son of a prosperous Hamburg merchant, Barth enjoyed the advantages of pecuniary independence his whole life long. While at school in his native city he was remarkable for the same qualities which characterized him as a man—modesty, reserve, boldness, zeal, industry, and talents. He entered Berlin University in 1839, and studied philology and geography mainly, his instructors being the eminent Böckh, Curtius, Grimm, and Ritter. His desire to see something even then of the Mediterranean Basin led him to Italy and Sicily, where he spent four months, and where he conceived the plan, to be executed at the close of his academical career, of following the whole course of Phœnician colonization on the shores of the Mediterranean. This goal he kept steadily in sight. In 1845 he went to England, acquired the Arabic language, took letters to the English consuls of the Levant, and then set out on his first great tour. He passed rapidly through France, over the Pyrenees, and spent four weeks at Madrid. Thence he journeyed on to Cadiz and Tarik, where his true tour commenced. Here, at the pillars of Hercules, he was at an outpost of European travel. My brief space will only allow my giving the slightest abstract of his course. He touched the African coast at Tangier, passed on to Tunis and Tripoli, explored the ruins of Carthage and Utica, Cyrene and Barca. Arriving on the Egyptian frontier, he was attacked by Bedouins, wounded, and robbed of every thing valuable, including what he most prized—his note-book filled with observations on the way. The work which he wrote and published after his return shows the excellence of his memory; and happily he had been in constant intercourse with his brother, Captain Schubert of Dresden, and the letters to him proved of unexpected value after the loss of the original notes.

He passed up the Nile to the second Cataract, then through Arabia Petræa, Palestine, and Asia Minor, and so back to Berlin, where he became a lecturer at the University, and prepared the first volume of his travels. The cost of the whole expedition was $11,000 gold. It was worth all it cost to him, however, as a preparation for the next expedition, which was the great work of the next few years.

It is impossible for me, knowing Dr. Barth as well as I did, to condense the matter which would be interesting to American readers into the brief space at my command. His own volumes contain, however, a full transcript of his later African life. That work was written in English as well as German by Barth, who spoke and wrote our language perfectly. During the last five years he has been Professor in Berlin University. At the time of his death (which was caused by a mistake of his physician, who gave him six grains of tartar emetic to relieve a slight attack of dyspepsia) he was lecturing on the Mediterranean Basin, and preparing his work on the languages of Northern Africa. It aggravates his loss immeasurably to think that he was murdered, but it is too late to save him. I had a long conversation with him less than a week before his death. He was then in perfect health. His bronzed face still bore the impress of African travel, as well as of the journey through Albania, which he made this last summer. He called himself perfectly well; and he who was spared while both his companions, Richardson and Overweg, succumbed to the African climate, lived to fall by the carelessness, not of an apothecary's clerk, but of an educated physician.

The portrait of Barth, on page 81, is from a very accurate photograph taken a few years before his death. He was of medium height, thickly and strongly built, with a noble brow, deep though not large eyes, a reticent manner, and great modesty in speaking of his own achievements. He used to be a great admirer of England and the English, but within the last few years his admiration had much subsided; but he continued the friend of America and Americans. He went seldom into society; and it is worthy of record that the last time when he appeared in a social gathering was just one week before his death, at a soirée of Americans at Governor Wright's. Dr. Barth was never married; but his life was not without its romantic side, a disappointment in love having been the impelling cause of his joining the African expedition. The same mighty passion which made Körner a soldier made Barth an explorer.

Berlin, *Jan.* 6, 1866. W. L. Gage.



"BLIND TOM"—THE CELEBRATED NEGRO PIANIST.—[Phot. by Bendann Brothers, Baltimore.]

TOM, THE BLIND NEGRO PIANIST.

This extraordinary boy, who has for several months astonished and delighted the thousands who have had the good fortune to witness the astounding demonstrations of his wonderful genius, was born near the city of Columbus, in the State of Georgia, about the 25th of May, 1849. Shut out from all knowledge of the external world but such as could be acquired by hearing and by touch, his whole being seemed to be open to and occupied by touch and sound. No matter what its character; the moan of pain, the cry of anger, the harsh grating of the corn-sheller, the roar of the thunder, and the soft breathings of the flute, all were music to him.

Before he was two years of age Blind Tom sung every thing he heard. When the young ladies of the family, upon their return from school, sat upon the steps and sung, Tom came and sung with them; and such were the facility and correctness with which he took up the air, that they were impressed with the belief that he did not have to learn the tune, but that upon hearing the first note he knew intuitively the balance. Soon without knowing, but from the promptings of nature, that there was any such thing, he began to sing seconds.

At about four years of age he heard the sound of a piano for the first time. Upon the arrival of the instrument he was amusing himself as usual in the yard. The first touch of the keys brought him into the parlor, he was permitted to run his fingers over the keys simply to gratify his curiosity, and to indulge his propensity to make a noise; this luxury he enjoyed occasionally only, as he could chance to find the parlor empty and the piano open. Very soon, however, between midnight and day, he found his way into the parlor, the piano having been left open, and the young ladies were awakened by the sound of the instrument. To their astonishment they heard Tom playing one of their pieces; and the coming of morning found him still at the piano. After this he was allowed to play occasionally, and his powers were so rapidly and so astonishingly developed that in a little time he was permitted to go to the piano at his pleasure. From that day he has played every thing he has heard. He is still developing new and startling powers, the existence of which has been heretofore unknown to the musical world, and the possession of which seems to have been vouchsafed by the power of God to Tom alone.

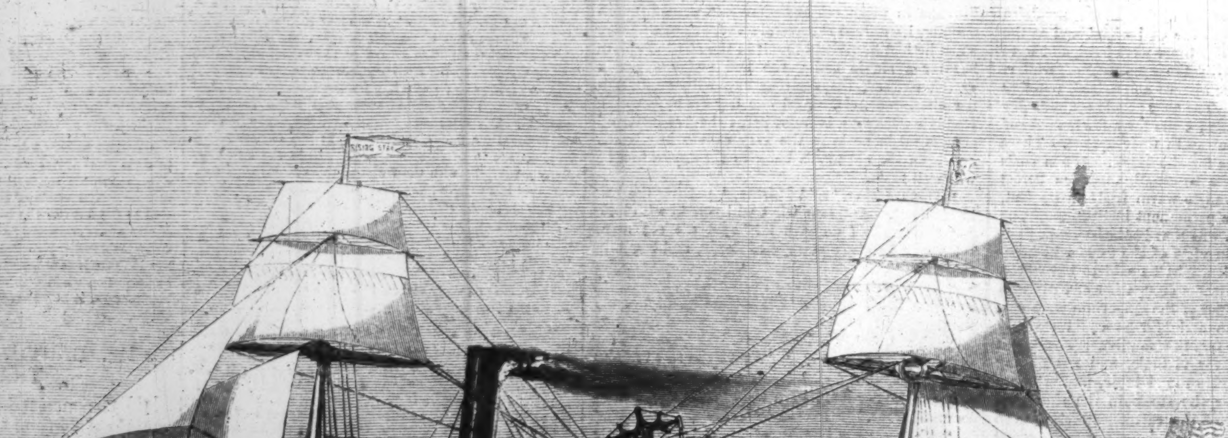
Seventeen teachers of music in Philadelphia spontaneously testify over their own signatures as follows:

"The undersigned find it impossible to account for these immense results upon any hypothesis growing out of the known laws of art and science. In the numerous tests to which Tom was subjected in our presence, or by us, he invariably came off triumphant. Whether in deciding the pitch or component parts of Chords the most difficult and dissonant, whether in repeating with correctness and precision any pieces, written or impromptu, played to him for the first and only time, whether in his improvisations or performances of compositions by Thalberg, Gottschalk, Ascher, Verdi, and others—in fact, under every form of musical examination (and the experiments are too numerous to enumerate), he showed a power and capacity ranking him among the most wonderful phenomena recorded in musical history."

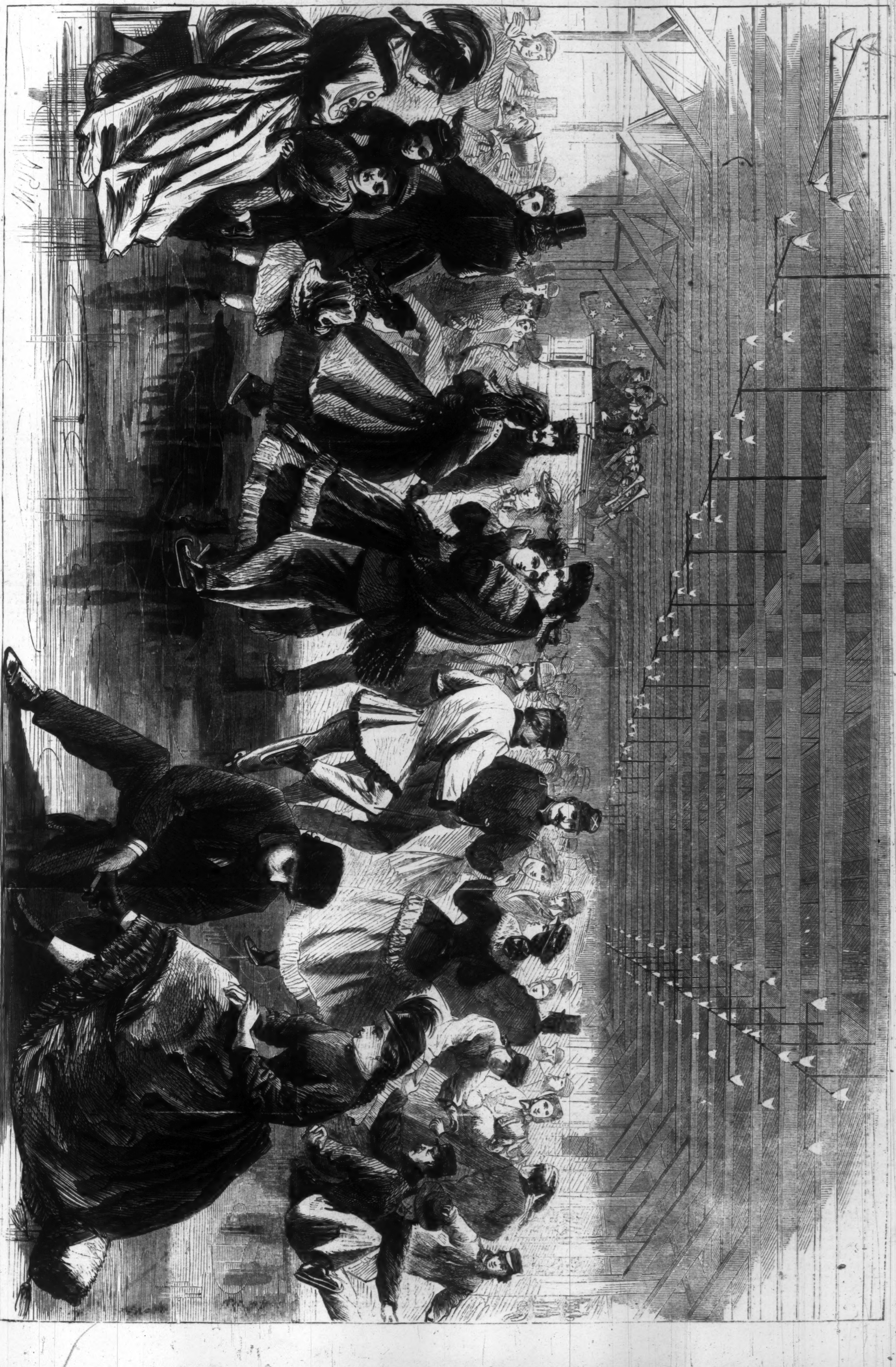
Blind Tom plays with wonderful effect some pieces of his own composition. One of these he composed when he was not yet five years old. It was immediately after a storm, and he called it, "What the wind, the thunder, and the rain said to him." Another he composed after hearing the various excited accounts of the first Bull Run battle. The imitation of the setting out and approach of both armies, the skirmishing, the fight, the whistle announcing the approach of Kirby Smith's reinforcements, and the terrible retreat, is wonderful, and brings tears to the eyes of his audience. He plays a variety of the most difficult music of the great authors, with a delicacy of touch and a power of expression such as is rarely heard. Blind Tom, we are informed, goes to Europe in Spring.

SKATING IN CHICAGO.

Other cities besides New York have their skating ponds, though they do not rival in size our Central Park lakes. We give on page 93 a representation of the interior of the "Great Skating Rink" at Chicago. This is the largest institution of the kind in this country, covering 18,100 square feet of surface. Here are daily and nightly congregated the *élite* of the City of the Lakes, and the scene represented by our artist when the waltzers are in motion and the fancy skaters are showing their skill, all under a flood of light from reflectors above, is brilliant in the extreme.



THE NEW STEAMSHIP "RISING STAR."—[Sketched by C. R. Parsons.—[See Page 84.]



THE GREAT SKATING "RINK" AT CHICAGO.—[SEE PAGE 92.]

THE DEAD LETTER.

A NEW AMERICAN NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

THE LETTER.

I PAUSED suddenly in my work. Over a year's experience in the Dead Letter office had given a mechanical rapidity to my movements in opening, noting, and classifying the contents of the bundles before me; and, so far from there being any thing exciting to the curiosity or interesting to the mind in the employment, it was of the most monotonous character.

The letter which I held in my paralyzed fingers when they so abruptly ceased their dextrous movements was contained in a closely-sealed envelope, yellowed by time, and directed in a peculiar hand to "John Owen, Peekskill, New York," and the date on the stamp was "October 18, 1857"—making the letter two years old. I know not what magnetism passed from it, putting me, as the spiritualists say, *en rapport* with it: I had not yet cut the lappet, and the only thing I could fix upon as the cause of my attraction was that at the date indicated on the envelope I had been a resident of Blankville, twenty miles from Peekskill—and something about that date!

Yet this was no excuse for my agitation: I was not of an inquisitive disposition; nor did "John Owen" belong to the circle of my acquaintance. I sat there with such a strange expression upon my face that one of my fellows, remarking my mood, exclaimed, jestingly,

"What is it, Redfield? A check for a hundred thousand?"

"I'm sure I don't know; I haven't opened it," I answered at random; and with this I cut the wrapper, impelled by some strongly-defined, irresistible influence to read the time-stained sheet inclosed. It ran in this wise:

"DEAR SIR,—It's too bad to disappoint you. Could not execute your order, as every body concerned will discover. What a charming day!—good for taking a picture. That old friend I introduced you to won't tell tales, and you had not better bother yourself to visit him. The next time you find yourself in his arms don't feel in his left-hand pocket for the broken tooth-pick which I lent him. He is welcome to it. If you're at the place of payment I sha'n't be there, not having fulfilled the order, and having given up my emigration project, much against my will; so govern yourself accordingly. Sorry your prospects are so poor, and believe me, with the greatest possible esteem,

"Your disappointed NEGOTIATOR."

To explain why this brief epistle, neither lucid nor interesting in itself, should affect me as it did, I must go back to the time at which it was written.

CHAPTER II.

EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

IT was late in the afternoon of a cloudy, windy autumn day, that I left the office of John Argyll, Esq., in his company, to take tea and spend the evening in his family. I was a law-student in the office, and was favored with more than ordinary kindness by him on account of a friendship which had existed between him and my deceased father. This being Saturday, I was expected to go home with him and stay over Sunday if I liked.

We quickened our steps as a few large drops were sprinkled over us out of the darkening clouds.

Entering the parlors, we found no one but James, a nephew of Mr. Argyll, a young man of about my own age, lounging upon a sofa.

"Where are the girls?"

"They haven't descended from the heavenly regions yet, uncle."

"Dressing themselves to death, I expect: it's Saturday evening, I remember," smiled the indulgent father, passing on into the library.

I sat down by the west window, and looked out at the coming storm. I did not like James Argyll much, nor he me; so that, as much as we were thrown together, our intercourse continued constrained. On this occasion, however, he seemed in excellent spirits, persisting in talking on all kinds of indifferent subjects despite of my brief replies. I was wondering when Eleanor would make her appearance.

At last she came. I heard her silk dress rustle down the stairs, and my eyes were upon her when she entered the room. She was dressed with unusual care, and her face wore a brilliant, expectant smile. The smile was for neither of us. Perhaps James thought of it; I am sure I did, with secret suffering—with a sharp pang which I was ashamed of, and fought inwardly to conquer.

Presently she came to the window, and as she stood by my side a burst of glory streamed through the fast-closing clouds, enveloping her in a golden atmosphere, tinting her black hair with purple, flushing her clear cheeks and the pearls about her throat. The fragrance of the rose she wore on her breast mingled with the light. For a moment I was thrilled and overpowered; but the dark-blue eyes were not looking on me: they were regading the weather.

"How provoking that it should rain to-night!" she said; and as the slight cloud of vexation swept over her face the blackness of night closed over the gleam of sunset so suddenly that we could hardly discern each other.

"The rain will not keep Moreland away," I answered.

"Of course not; but I don't want him to get wet walking up from the dépôt; and Billy has put up the carriage in view of the storm."

At that moment a wild gust of wind smote the house so that it shook, and the rain came down with a roar that was deafening. Eleanor rung for lights.

For the next half hour the rain came down in wide sheets, flapping against the windows, as the wind blew it hither and thither. James continued at the Piano, and Eleanor moved restlessly about, stealing glances now and then at her tiny watch.

All at once there occurred one of those pauses which precede the fresh outbreaking of a storm. As if startled by the sudden lull, James Argyll paused in his playing. Just then the shrill whistle of the locomotive pierced the silence with more than usual power, as the evening train swept around the curve of the hill not a quarter of a mile away, and rushed on into the depôt in the lower part of the village.

Eleanor, with maiden artifice, took up a book, and composed herself to pretend to read; she would not have her lover to know that she had been so restless while awaiting his coming. Only Mary fluttered about like a humming-bird, diving into the sweets of things, the music, the flowers, whatever had honey in it, and teasing me in the intervals.

I have said that I loved Eleanor. I did, secretly, in silence and regret, against my judgment and will, and because I could not help it. I was quite certain that James loved her also, and I felt sorry for him; sympathy was taught me by my own sufferings, though I had never felt attracted toward his character. He seemed to me to be rather sullen in temper, as well as selfish; and then again I reproached myself for uncharitableness; it might have been his circumstances which rendered him morose—he was dependent upon his uncle—and his unhappiness which made him appear unamiable.

I loved, without a particle of hope. Eleanor was engaged to a young gentleman in every way worthy of her; of fine demeanor, high social position, and unblemished moral character. As much as her many admirers may have envied Henry Moreland, they could not dislike him. To see the young couple together was to feel that theirs would be one of those "matches made in heaven"—in age, character, worldly circumstances, beauty, and cultivation there was a rare correspondence.

Mr. Moreland was engaged with his father in a banking business in the city of New York. They owned a summer villa in Blankville, and it had been during his weeks of summer idleness here that he had made the acquaintance of Eleanor Argyll.

At this season of the year his business kept him in the city; but he was in the habit of coming out every Saturday afternoon and spending Sabbath at the house of Mr. Argyll, the marriage which was to terminate a betrothal of nearly two years being now not very far away. On her nineteenth birthday, which came in December, Eleanor was to be married.

Despite the watching and waiting, young Moreland did not arrive that night. Eleanor endeavored to conceal her disappointment under a pretence of gayety, and we passed a merry, if not a happy evening. It was late when we retired. I never heard it rain as it did that night; the water came down in solid masses, and, occasionally, the wind shook the strong mansion as if it were a child.

While we were at breakfast the following morning, the servant brought in a message from a man at the door, who wanted to see Mr. Argyll in haste—who was somewhat surprised at the summons, this being Sunday. He went into the hall, and two minutes later I also was summoned. The news which awaited me was this: Henry Moreland was dead. His body had been found on the road shortly after daybreak, and had been taken into the hotel by the railroad depôt.

"They want you to come down to the inquest," said the messenger; "they think it's a fit; there's no mark of any thing."

Mr. Argyll and I looked at each other. Our first thought was of Eleanor. He gave the frightened servant, who had overheard what was said, strict orders to admit no one until our return, nor permit any one to approach Miss Argyll, and not to breathe a word of what he knew to any one in the house.

Hastening to the hotel, already surrounded by many people, we found the distressing message too true. Upon a lounge, in a private sitting-room, lay the body of Henry Moreland! The coronor and a couple of physicians had already arrived. It was th[illegible] opinion that he had died from natural causes, as there w[illegible] the least evidence of violence to be seen. The face wa[illegible]ant as in slumber; we could hardly believe him dea[illegible]il we touched the icy forehead, about which the thick ringlets of brown hair clung, saturated with rain.

"What's this?" exclaimed one, as we began to relieve the corpse of its wet garments, for the purpose of a farther examination. It was a stab in the back. Not a drop of blood—only a small triangular hole in the cloak, through the other clothing, into the body. The investigation soon revealed the nature of the death-wound; it had been given by a fine, sharp dirk or stiletto. So firm and forcible had been the blow that it had pierced the lung and struck the rib with sufficient force to break the blade of the weapon, about three quarters of an inch of the point of which was found in the wound. Death must have been instantaneous. The victim had fallen forward upon his face, bleeding inwardly, which accounted for no blood having been at first perceived; and as he had fallen, so he had lain through all the drenching storm of that miserable night. When discovered by the first passer-by, after daylight, he was lying on the path, by the side of the street which led up in the direction of Mr. Argyll's, his traveling-bag by his side, his face to the ground. The bag was not touched, neither the watch and money on his person, making it evident that robbery was not the object of the murderer.

A stab in the back, in the double darkness of night and storm! What enemy had Henry Moreland, to do this deed upon him?

It is useless now to repeat all the varying conjectures rising in our minds, or which continued to engross the entire community for weeks thereafter. It became at once the favorite theory of many that young Moreland had perished by a stroke intended for some other person. In the mean time, the news swept through the village like a whirlwind, destroying the calmness of that Sabbath morning, tossing the minds of people more fearfully than the material tempest had tossed the frail leaves. Murder! and such a murder in such a place!—not twenty rods from the busiest haunts of men, on a peaceful street—sudden, sure, unprovoked! People looked behind them as they walked, hearing the assassin's step in every rustle of the breeze. Murder!—the far-away, frightful idea had suddenly assumed a real shape—it seemed to have stalked through the town, entering each dwelling, standing by every hearth-stone.

While the inquest was proceeding, Mr. Argyll and myself were thinking more of Eleanor than of her murdered lover.

"This is wretched business, Richard," said the father. "I am so unnerved I can do nothing. Will you telegraph to his parents for me?"

His parents—here was more misery. I had not thought of them. I wrote out the dreadful message which it ought to have melted the wires with pity to carry.

"And now you must go to Eleanor. She must not hear it from strangers; and I can not—Richard!—you will tell her, will you not? I will follow you home immediately, as soon as I have made arrangements to have poor Henry brought to our house when the inquest is over."

CHAPTER III.

THE FIGURE BENEATH THE TREES.

IT was late in the afternoon before the body could be removed from the hotel where the coroner's inquest was held. I asked James to go with me and attend upon its conveyance to Mr. Argyll's. He declined, upon the plea of being too much unstrung to go out.

As the sad procession reached the garden in front of the mansion with its burden, I observed, in the midst of several who had gathered about, a woman, whose face, even in that time of preoccupation, arrested my attention. It was that of a girl, young and handsome, though now thin and deadly pale, with a wild look in her black eyes, which were fixed upon the shrouded burden with more than awe and curiosity.

I know not yet why I remarked her so particularly; why her strange face made such an impression on me. Once she started toward us, and then shrunk back again. By her dress and general appearance she might have been a shop-girl. I had never seen her before.

"That girl," said a gentleman by my side, "acts queerly. And, come to think, she was on the train from New York yesterday afternoon. Not the one poor Moreland came in; the one before. I was on board myself, and noticed her particularly as she sat facing me. She seemed to have some trouble on her mind."

I seldom forget faces, and I never forgot hers.

"I will trace her out," was my mental resolve.

We passed on into the house, and deposited our charge in the back parlor. I thought of Eleanor, as she had walked this room just twenty-four hours ago, a brilliant vision of love and triumphant beauty. Ay! twenty-four hours ago this clay before me was as resplendent with life, as eager, as glowing with the hope of the soul within it! Now, all the hours of time would never restore the tenant to his tenement. Who had dared to take upon himself the responsibility of unlawfully and with violence ejecting this human soul from its house?

I shuddered as I asked myself the question. Somewhere must be lurking a guilty creature, with a heart on fire from the flames of hell, with which it had put itself in contact.

Then my heart stood still within me—all but the family had been banished from the apartment—her father was leading in Eleanor. With a slow step, clinging to his arm, she entered; but as her eyes fixed themselves upon the rigid outlines lying there beneath the funeral pall, she sprang forward, casting herself upon her lover's corpse. Before, she had been silent; now began a murmur of woe so heart-rending that we who listened wished ourselves deaf before our ears had heard tones and sentences which could never be forgotten. It would be useless for me, a man, with a man's language and thoughts, to attempt to repeat what this broken-hearted woman said to her dead lover.

It was not her words so much as it was her pathetic tones.

She talked to him as if he were alive and could hear her. She was resolved to make him hear and feel her love through the dark death which was between them.

"Ah, Henry," she said, in a low, caressing tone, pressing back the curls from his forehead with her hand, "your hair is wet still. To think that you should lie out there all night—all night—on the ground in the rain, and I not know of it! I, to be sleeping in my warm bed—actually sleeping, and you lying out in the storm, dead. That is the strangest thing! that makes me wonder—to think I *could!* Would you guess, I was vexed at you last evening because you didn't come? It was that made me so gay—not because I was happy. Vexed at you for not coming, when you could not come because you were dead!" and she laughed.

As that soft, dreadful laughter thrilled through the room, with a groan Mr. Argyll arose and went out; he could bear no more. Disturbed with a fear that her reason was shaken, I spoke with Mary, and we two tried to lift her up, and persuade her out of the room.

"Oh, don't try to get me away from him again," she pleaded, with a quivering smile which made us sick. "Don't be troubled, Henry. I'm *not* going—I'm *not!*"

The kisses; the light, gentle touches of his hands and forehead, as if she might hurt him with the caresses which she could not withhold; the intent look which continually watched him as if expecting an answer, the miserable smile upon her white face—these were things which haunted those who saw them through many a future slumber.

"You will not say you forgive me for singing last night. You don't say a word to me—because you are dead—that's it—because you are dead—murdered!"

The echo of her own last word recalled her wandering reason.

"My God! murdered!" she exclaimed, suddenly rising to her full height, with an awful air; "who do you suppose did it?"

Her cousin was standing near; her eyes fell upon him as she asked the question. The look, the manner, were too much for his already overwrought sensibility; he shrunk away, caught my arm, and sunk down insensible. I did not wonder. We all of us felt as if we could endure no more.

The arrival of the relatives was the last scene in the tragedy of that day. Unable to bear more of it, I went out in the darkness and walked upon the lawn. My head was hot; the cool air felt grateful to me; I leaned long upon the trunk of an oak, whose dark shadow shut out the starlight from about me; thought was busy with recent events. Who was the murderer? The question revolved in my brain, coming uppermost every other moment, as certainly as the turning of a wheel brings a certain point again and again to the top. My training as a student of law helped my mind to fix upon every slightest circumstance which might hold a suspicion.

As I stood there in silence and darkness, pondering the matter, I heard a light rustle of the dry leaves upon the ground, and felt, rather than saw, a figure pass me. I might have thought it one of the servants, were it not for the evident caution of its movements. Presently, where the shadows of the trees were less thick, I detected a person stealing toward the house. As she passed before a lighted window I saw that it was the woman whose strange conduct at the gate had attracted my attention. With hovering steps she approached the west side of the mansion, and crouched down under one of the windows from which the solemn glow of the death-candles shone. Here she remained more than an hour, I watching her, and perplexing myself with vain conjectures. I could not help connecting her with the murder or with the victim. At last she arose, lingered, went away, passing near me again with that soft, rustling step. As she went out the gate I stood behind a tree, lest she should look back and discern me; then I followed her, in the shadow of the fence, toward a more crowded and poorer part of the village, where she went down a side street, and disappeared in a tenement house, the entrance-hall of which was open. As I came up the walk on my return, I met James Argyll in the avenue, near the front portico.

"Oh, is it you?" he exclaimed, after I had spoken to him. "I—I—" stammering, and with a hollow voice. "The fact is, you frightened me. Where have you been at this hour, Richard?"

"Walking in the cool air. The house smothered me."

"And me, too. I've just come out to get a breath of air. Do you know that it is midnight?"

CHAPTER IV.

MORELAND VILLA.

SEVERAL minor circumstances prevented my going in search of the woman who had excited my suspicions on the previous day until about nine o'clock of the morning, when I engaged an officer, and we two went quietly, without communicating our plans to any one else, to the tenement house before spoken of.

Although Blankville was not a large village, there was in it, as in nearly every town blessed with a railroad dépôt, a shabby quarter where the rougher portion of its working people lived. The house stood in this quarter.

It is not necessary to give the thousand questions and answers between us and our Irish friends, by which we gained all the information at present available. In one thing we were disappointed. The bird had flown. But we learned her name—Leesy Sullivan. Her aunt occupied a room in the second story of the building, and supposing we came to employ her neice to do some sewing (a *rolé* of the officer's), gave us information willingly. Leesy had formerly sewed in the village; had worked for the Morelands when they were at their villa in the summer. About a year since her health had failed; she was threatened with consumption; and hoping change of air would do her good, she had gone to the city, and got a place to do fine work in a fancy store. Once in a while she came home Saturday, and staid over Sunday; she had done so this last Saturday, and had returned to New York by the six o'clock morning train—"Though, dear knows, she wa'n't fit to stir the step, for she got awful wet comin' up from the dépôt that evenin'; and the shock o' the murder next day had upset her entirely; she'd fainted dead away when she heerd it. And no wonder; for the Morelands—the young man and all—had allus been kind to her, and good pay;" adding, "and have they heerd any thing of the murderer?"

We responded that nothing had been learned, and descending to the street, it was arranged, as we walked along, that the officer should go to New York, and put some detective there on the track of Leesy Sullivan. I informed my companion of the discrepancy between her actual arrival in town and her appearance at her aunt's. Either the woman had purposely deceived us, or her niece had not gone home for a good many hours after landing at Blankville. I went with him to the dépôt, where we made a few inquiries which convinced us that she had arrived on Saturday morning, had sat an hour or two in the lady's room, and then gone away up town.

There was sufficient to justify our looking further. I took from my own pocket means to defray the expenses of the officer, as well as to interest the New York detective, adding that liberal rewards were about to be offered, and waited until I saw him depart on his errand.

When he left me, led by some "spirit in my feet," I turned toward Moreland Villa, which lay about a mile out of the village proper. My remedy for mental ailments was a long and vigorous walk, and this day I stood in need of it. The place had never looked more beautiful to me than it did on this occasion. As I approached the house by the garden, I came nearly upon the portico which extended across its western front before I perceived that it was occupied. Sitting on its outer edge, with one arm half wound around one of its pillars, I beheld the sewing-girl after whom I had dispatched an officer to New York. She did not perceive me, and I had an opportunity of studying the face of the woman who had fallen under my suspicion.

It was a face made to express passion. And, although the only passion expressed now was that of despair, so intense that it grew like apathy, I could easily see how the rounded chin and full lips could melt into softer moods. The forehead was rather low, but fair, consorting with the oval of the cheek and chin; the brows dark and rather heavy. I remembered the wild black eyes which I had seen the previous day, and could guess at their hidden fires.

It seemed to me that if I could see those eyes before she was conscious of observance, I could tell whether there was guilt, or only sorrow in her heart; therefore I remained quiet, waiting. But I had mistaken my powers, or the eyes overbore them. When she did lift them, as a steamer came puffing around the base of the mountain which ran down into the river at the east, and then suddenly encountered mine, where I stood not ten feet from her, I saw only black, unfathomable depths, pouring out a trouble so intense that my own gaze dropped beneath their power.

She did not start upon observing me, which, as I thought, a guilty person, buried in self-accusing reveries, would have done—it seemed only slowly to penetrate her consciousness that a stranger was confronting her. When I raised my eyes, which had sunk beneath the intensity of hers, she was moving rapidly away toward the western gate.

"Miss Sullivan, you have forgotten your bonnet."

With a woman's instinct she put up her hand to smooth her disordered hair, came slowly back, and took the bonnet which I extended toward her, without speaking. I hesitated what move to make next. I wished to address her—she was here, in my grasp, and I ought to satisfy myself, as far as possible, about the suspicions which I had conceived. Yet for the life of me I could not detain her. She had reached the gate and gone forth into the road while I was trying to decide what it would be best to do. She did not return toward the village; as if conscious of impending danger, she fled away, with a rapid step, over the hills.

Within two minutes the gardener's wife came up the road to the gate. She had been down to visit the corpse of her young master; her eyes were red with weeping. She was an American woman, in whose discretion I had sufficient faith to confide to her the visit of the sewing-girl to the premises, telling her if that person came to the place again to report the fact to me.

When I reached the office, on my homeward route, I went in. Mr. Argyll was there alone, his head leaning on his hand, his face anxious and worn, his brow contracted in deep thought. As soon as I came in he sprung up, closed the outer door, and said to me, in a low voice:

"Richard, another strange thing has occurred."

I stared at him, afraid to ask what.

"I have been robbed of two thousand dollars."

"When and how?"

"That is what I do not know. Four days ago I drew that amount in bills from the Park Bank. I placed it, in a roll, just as I received it, in my library desk, at home. I locked the desk, and have carried the key in my pocket. The desk has been locked as usual, every time that I have gone to it. How long the money has been gone I can not say; I never looked after it, since placing it there, until about an hour ago. I wanted some cash for expenses this afternoon, and, going for it, the roll was gone."

"Could you identify the money?"

"Not all of it. I only remember that there was one five hundred dollar bill, a fresh issue of the Park Bank, of which, possibly, they may have the number."

"Have you said any thing to James about your loss?"

"Not yet. You may tell him when you see him; and do what you can, Richard, for I feel helpless as a child."

I saw that he was really ill, and promised to do all in my power. As I expected to go that afternoon to the city with the funeral cortege. I resolved to take the opportunity of putting the police on the watch for the money.

For a continuation of this remarkable story see BEADLE'S MONTHLY for February, now ready and for sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers; or sent, *post-paid*, on receipt of the price, TWENTY-FIVE Cents. Beadle & Co., Publishers, 118 William Street, New York.—ADVERTISEMENT.

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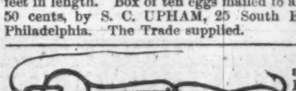

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